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Seventh Series }
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{ From Beginning
Vol. CCXXVII. }

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THE COMING PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

Hardly had the smoke of battle cleared away after the presidential election in 1896, when Mr. Bryan waved his truncheon and summoned his defeated followers to a renewal of the conflict. The canvass now in progress began then and there. Mr. Bryan's authority to issue commands and to plan the next campaign was not challenged. Ordinarily in America a candidate is *functus officio* when he meets with defeat. The mandate of his party must be renewed before he may with propriety resume the leadership. But Mr. Bryan, although he sprang suddenly into prominence as a national character, has fully maintained his position. His vigor and endurance as a campaigner arouse admiration and excite enthusiasm. His imperious nature and self-confidence win for him that sort of hero-worship which finds expression in the phrase "our matchless leader," ensures subservency to his wishes regarding the conduct of the canvass, and secures toleration of his weaknesses and mistakes. His sincerity is not open to question. Although his nomination in 1896 seemed almost the result of accident, the event proved him to be an ideal leader of the mixed multitude that followed him. It is doubtful if any other captain could

have rallied all these heterogeneous political forces and held them in battle array under one banner amid the stress of the most exciting canvass in American political history.

During the four years that have elapsed since the last election, Mr. Bryan's ascendancy over his party has never been seriously threatened. He failed in his first campaign because, while he gained numerous recruits, he was unable to retain the veterans. Those who could not follow the Democratic party in its new career have made many an effort to displace him, but the result of every such attempt has been merely to make more and more clear the hopelessness of substituting a new leader in his place. He has adhered to the principles of the Chicago platform with a persistence which is creditable at least to the solidity of his convictions, he has kept his mind on the alert for new opportunities and new issues, and now he has his reward in having won to his support a body of men who in 1896 distrusted him profoundly, and who then abhorred and still abhor every principle save one of the platform on which he stands.

On the Republican side the situation has been equally clear. Mr. McKinley was destined, before his first election, to be nominated for a second term in

the presidential office. The party to which he owes his position has fulfilled the two great promises it made to the people when it placed him in nomination. It has enacted a protective tariff; and has passed a law declaring gold to be the standard of value, in which law provision is made for the maintenance at parity with gold of all money issued under authority of the government. Not only has the present administration kept faith in making good its definite pledges. It has conducted a foreign war with success. It has extended the domain of the Republic. It has enlarged greatly the prestige of the nation throughout the world. No President since Mr. Lincoln has had so many and so perplexing new questions to consider and decide, as have been pressed upon the attention of Mr. McKinley. That he has not satisfied all the people is an inevitable consequence of the system of government by party. But he has satisfied those who supported him in 1896 to a remarkable degree. At no time has there been a suggestion that it would be advisable to drop him and adopt another candidate at this election. The severest criticisms made upon him by members of his own party may be resolved into complaint that he has studied to ascertain and to follow the will of his political supporters rather than to decide upon and carry out a policy of his own, regardless of opposition. In circumstances so unusual as those which confronted his administration his course was wise for the country and promotive of Mr. McKinley's own political fortunes. If it sometimes gave an air of indecision as well as of a lack of initiative to his policy, the people have not been left altogether unaware that the President could form a plan of action and adhere firmly to it when the occasion required promptness and decision. At all events no rival for the Republican nomination has presented himself or has been pro-

posed by others, nor has there been any faction in the party uneasily seeking for some means to depose the leader, as has been the case in the Democratic party. When Mr. McKinley was nominated for re-election, the unanimous vote of the convention in his favor was an absolutely accurate reflection of the wish of his party that he should be its candidate.

In the study of the canvass stress is laid thus early upon the personal traits of Mr. Bryan and Mr. McKinley because the contest is in a peculiar sense one between the two candidates. Each party can rely in any circumstances upon the loyal support of all but a mere fraction of its members, and since the two parties are not very unevenly matched, upon a certain number of the electoral votes of the States. In the broadest view of the matter, therefore, the issue is to be decided upon a consideration of the respective policies of the parties. But inasmuch as the party which wins the presidency may not obtain a majority in Congress, the character and tendencies of the man who is to appoint the cabinet, to manage the national finances, to direct the movements of the army, to conduct the foreign relations, and to give tone to the civil service, become matters of great importance. Consequently we find that great numbers of voters who reject almost every one of the historic Republican principles give their support to Mr. McKinley as a safe man; and that others who reject every "plank" in the Democratic platform except opposition to "imperialism," give their adhesion to the candidacy of Mr. Bryan because they confidently expect him, with or without the consent of Congress, to reverse the national policy towards the Philippines.

It is necessary, nevertheless, in order to obtain the fullest and most accurate view of the situation, to consider the parties which, after all, are greater and

stronger than the candidates who for the moment personify them. There is a bewildering list of parties, and eight tickets have been placed in the field. First, there are three factions of Socialists. Socialism is rife in the United States; but those who have adopted its principles sincerely will not follow leaders whose chief motive seems to be notoriety and political preferment. The United Christian party is a little coterie of well-meaning men, somewhat too good for this wicked world, who think they know "how Christ would govern the country." The Prohibitionists have been in existence as a separate national party since 1872, and in the seven presidential canvasses in which they have taken part have never given an electoral vote to one of their candidates nor, so far as is known, cast a majority of votes at any precinct in the country at any election. This party refuses to perceive or to discuss any political question, at home or abroad, until the sale of intoxicating liquor has been suppressed. "Imperialism" offends its members less than does the failure to abolish the army canteen, and the existence of American drinking "saloons" in Manila arouses them to warmer indignation than is excited by the war against the Filipinos. The Prohibitionist ticket, like those just mentioned, may be disregarded in a study of the canvass. They will be supported by the perverse and eccentric voters only—those who are always at odds with society.

The "People's party," commonly known as the Populists, is ten years old. It originated in the Western states. The organization which called itself the "Farmers' Alliance" was formed primarily to wage war against the railway companies. The sentiment was wide-spread in the grain-growing prairie states that transportation charges upon farm produce were oppressively high and arbitrarily irregu-

lar; that the companies were too powerful in the State legislatures; and that land-grants in aid of the building of railways had placed the companies in possession of the most desirable tracts of land. The Alliance was not at first a separate political organization. Its members endeavored to promote its objects by seeking control of the parties with which they were associated. Failure to obtain what was desired, the thirst for public office, and other causes, soon led to an abandonment of the original plan, and the new party was born. Its leaders were not men trained in affairs; its members were "plain people" who had made a study of social and economic conditions only as they concerned themselves. It was quite natural, therefore, that their demands for a reconstitution of the social fabric should be crude, radical, and reckless to a degree. The Populists were from the beginning in favor of the free coinage of silver, frankly upon the ground that debtors would be enabled thereby to discharge obligations already incurred in money cheaper than gold dollars. The discontinuance of the coinage of silver dollars by the act of 1873 they denounced as a crime. To it they attributed the decline in the prices of commodities which they held to be merely a rise in the price of gold; and they maintained that the restoration of silver to free coinage and the consequent cheapening of money was but a tardy act of justice to the debtor.

The party achieved some notable successes in State elections. In 1892 it held a national convention and presented a candidate for President. The new organization drew to itself the remnants of the defunct Greenback party and those, generally, who felt that things were not as they should be so long as some men were rich while they themselves were not. It was not inaptly termed the "Calamity" party. In that canvass more than a million votes were

given to its candidates. This statement, without an explanation, is misleading. The Populists and Democrats practically coalesced in opposition to the Republicans. In many States where there seemed to be a prospect that the Democrats and Populists combined might capture the electoral vote of a Republican State, the two parties adopted a joint electoral ticket. In a few States the Democrats simply retired from the field and supported the Populist candidates, whose aggregate vote was thereby caused to appear greater than it was. An alliance so close as was that of 1892 led naturally to a still more intimate union in 1896. The Democrats accepted practically the whole of the Populist program, and in particular that part on which the Populists then laid the greatest stress, namely, the free coinage of silver. The Populists accepted the Democratic candidate for President. Many of them foresaw what is now happening, that the result of "fusion" would involve the practical extinction of their party and its absorption in the Democratic organization. For the moment they favored the candidacy of Mr. Bryan, but they advocated a policy of "marching in the middle of the road" between the two great parties, joining neither of them, attacking both, and lending help temporarily to one or the other of them as might seem expedient. This program of action obtained for them the designation—which they adopted at once—of "Middle-of-the-road Populists." They controlled the convention of 1896, rejected the Democratic nominee for Vice-President, and set up a candidate of their own. Under the American system of electing a President votes for "Bryan and Watson" electors were simply thrown away. Most of the Populists, seeing the folly of supporting their own ticket in preference to the "Bryan and Sewall" ticket of the Democrats, deserted

their own candidate. The "Middle-of-the-road" electors received in all the States not quite a quarter of a million votes. The minor faction of the party has retained its organization and has held a convention and presented a ticket. But the "Middle-of-the-road" candidates will hardly appear this year among the beneficiaries of "scattering" votes.

There remain the two great historic parties, between which the contest really lies; the Republican party fighting single-handed, and the Democratic party, backed by three groups of allies, namely the main body of the Populists, the Silver Republicans, and the Anti-Imperialists. The faction last named consists chiefly of men who in the last canvass were known as Gold Democrats. Their independent movement in confined chiefly to the eastern States where—so far as can be judged—it is by no means important, and where it will merely reduce to a small extent Republican majorities which will still be more than sufficient. The phrases in which they offer their support to Mr. Bryan are chosen with the utmost caution, and show that their confidence in the sincerity of his professions regarding the Philippines is not unaccompanied by fears lest his sincerity also in the matter of free coinage may work mischief. The Silver Republicans, on the other hand, care little for the issue of "imperialism." Were Mr. Bryan to abandon the silver cause they would desert him. There is no need to dwell upon the weakness of alliances so conditioned, one or the other of which must be betrayed if Mr. Bryan prove his sincerity by his works. The "fusion" with the Populists is complete. It is in all important respects strictly analogous to the connection between the Conservatives and the Liberal Unionists in England. Separate organizations are maintained; there are occasional disputes between the two as to

which party shall furnish the candidate, but on election day their ballots are all marked alike, and when in power they act together harmoniously. Indeed the Democratic party has adopted nearly all the principles of the Populists, and the justification of separate organization has well nigh disappeared.

Professor Bryce, writing before any of the great questions at present dividing American opinion had become dominant in politics, aptly illustrated the composition of the two parties as they were then constituted, in the following passage:

"If you find yourself dining with one of 'the best people' in any New England city, or in Philadelphia, or in Cincinnati or Minneapolis, you assume that the guest sitting next you is a Republican, almost as confidently as in English county society you would assume your neighbor to be a Tory; that is to say, you may sometimes be wrong, but in four cases out of five you will be right. . . . One may say that all over the North, the merchants, manufacturers and professional men of the smaller, perhaps even more than of the larger towns, tend to be Republicans. So too are the farmers, particularly in the Northwest. . . . The working class in the cities is divided, but the more solid part of it, the church-goers and total abstainers, are generally Republicans. . . . When turning southwards one reaches the borders of the old slave States, everything is changed. . . . In Virginia, or the Carolinas, or the Gulf States, very few men of good standing belong to the Republican party."¹

The converse of Mr. Bryce's proposition will be apprehended and may be accepted as close approximation to the fact, but need not be stated. We must not forget that he makes an exception to his own statement as to the party division in the North; for there are in

that part of the country many men of high standing who are Democrats by inheritance, as it were. Moreover, it is important to know that since the time of the Civil War, when almost all loyal men in the North were Republicans, there has been a series of secessions from the party. Not to characterize those whom the greenback and silver agitation carried over to the Democrats, there have been several movements in that direction by men whom it is accurate to describe as belonging to the class of the "best people,"—as, for example, when the victorious North seemed to be dealing too harshly with the South in reconstructing the seceded States; when official misdoing was not properly repressed and punished during the administration of General Grant; when civil service reform made too little progress; on the occasion of the nomination of Mr. Blaine for President, and at other times. The result has been to constitute a party which includes at one end of the social scale a small number of strong, influential, conscientious, conservative men, devoted to the best ideals in government; and at the other end the vast majority of the foreign-born citizens, particularly of the Irish, of the uneducated, the ignorant, the easily-led natives, and of those whose political creed contains but one article—that the government owes them a living. It includes also, as is estimated by Mr. Bryce, substantially the entire white population of the South.

The mixed composition of the party explains both the inconsistencies and self-contradictions that have marked its history, and the striking transformation it has undergone in the last five years. As long ago as 1864 it declared the war for the Union a failure, and chose as its candidate for President the Union soldier, General McClellan, who accepted the nomination but rejected the platform. In 1868 it advocated the payment of the national debt in irre-

¹ *The American Commonwealth*, vol. II, p. 30.

deemable paper money, and nominated Governor Seymour, whom no one suspected of favoring repudiation in any form. Now it submits to the leadership of its best men; again it turns contemptuously from them. When on its good behavior it nominates a Cleveland, and promises all sorts of reform; but when Cleveland sacrifices himself in a brave attempt to carry the virtuous professions of his party into practice, it stamps disapproval upon him and his acts. In 1888 and again in 1892 it made tariff reform its battle cry. In 1896 it declared that the tariff must wait until silver should be admitted to free coinage. In 1900 it declares "imperialism" to be the paramount issue. Since the party broke away from Cleveland and entered upon its present radical course, it has been and still is under the management of its most radical and dangerous men. It is so controlled more than ever at the present time, when many of the conservative leaders of the past have withdrawn their support from conscientious inability to follow the party in its new career.

The quandary in which these discarded leaders find themselves is well illustrated by the variety of views they take of their present duty. Mr. Cleveland's Secretary of State, Mr. Olney, supports Mr. Bryan. General Palmer, the candidate of the Gold Democrats in 1896, is "on the stump" for Mr. McKinley.² A small nucleus of the meteoric shower into which the Gold Democratic comet of 1896 has broken up, "flocks by itself," as Lord Dundreary put it. This faction, early in September, put another "ticket" in the field.

The Republican party, consisting of the classes quite accurately described by Mr. Bryce, has undergone a transformation not less remarkable than

that through which the Democratic party has passed. It was organized to oppose the spread of slavery, and, having a radical program, it naturally was composed of the radical men of the North. Its character was unchanged through the Civil War, and during the period of reconstruction. But about that time it began to be called upon to defend the structure it had set up. To preserve the status of the negro, to maintain the financial credit of the nation, to uphold the national bank system, to guard the protective tariff, to prevent the adulteration of the currency by fresh issues of "greenback" money,—all these and others which might be named were tasks of conservatism. Thus the two parties have exchanged positions. The conservative has become radical, the radical conservative. In one important respect there has been no alteration. From the earliest times the Democratic party defended State rights and opposed extension of the powers of the general government. Since there remain between State and nation no important questions of sovereignty or jurisdiction, this old tenet of the Democratic party now assumes the form of opposition to centralization. The Republican party has always defended the supremacy of the nation over the State, and has had a tendency to the policy of centralized government.

Although the party which has controlled the government most of the time during the last forty years can be accused neither of the inconsistencies, nor of the assaults upon established institutions that have marred the record of the opposition, it has had many faults of its own. It has too frequently suffered the party organization to be used for the personal ends of self-seeking politicians. It has often failed to display courage in announcing its purposes, and through fear of losing the support of men whose assistance

² General Palmer has died since this was written.

was more to be dreaded than their opposition, has yielded timidly or compromised shamefully when it had an opportunity to perform a great service to the country. In recent years and in respect of the latest great issues it has not lacked courage. No doubt the boldness of the party which attacks it has contributed not a little to producing this result.

After the crushing defeat of the Democrats and Populists in 1896, as has been said already, Mr. Bryan announced that the conflict of the year 1900 would be fought upon the same chief issue of free silver. He spoke frequently, in many parts of the country, and wrote much, to that effect. He has not since that time wavered in his devotion to the cause. He began, however, two or three years ago, to urge that the suppression of "trusts" was an issue not to be neglected. It is but recently that he added "imperialism" and "militarism" to the weapons with which he would fight his way to power. The Democratic convention has declared imperialism to be the most important weapon in the party armory. It acted wisely in so declaring, for it would surely have found that the others were more dangerous to the party that handled them than to the enemy.

There is not the slightest reason to think that the sentiments of the American people on the silver question have changed in direction during the last four years. On the contrary they have become more decided than before that free coinage would produce national disaster and involve national dishonor. Four years of prosperity under the present administration have made the people contented to live under Republican protective tariff and even more contented with the gold standard. The States where the silver sentiment was most rife have enjoyed the largest share of prosperity. The prophets who

predicted universal poverty, should free coinage not be restored, are discredited. It would not be safe to assert that events have convinced a large number of the men who formerly advocated the restoration of the dual standard that their former opinions were fallacious. It may be so; it is not proved. But it is certainly true that there are not so many men as there were in 1896, who regard free coinage as a political panacea, and the gold standard as a poison to the body politic. Still fewer are those who believe that free coinage can ever be re-established in the United States. But the Democratic party in national convention assembled repeats with emphasis the silver formula of the Chicago platform. It still favors the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, without waiting for the consent of any other nation. What is more to the purpose, the reiteration of this article of the modern Democratic faith was inserted in the new "Kansas City platform" at the express dictation of Mr. Bryan. The important fact is that—however shallow the belief of other Democrats on this point may be—Mr. Bryan still believes all that he has ever uttered on the silver question. Herein, in fact, lies the only real danger to the country in the pending canvass. For although another issue has been declared to be "paramount" there are few people who anticipate that a Democratic government would so shape its colonial policy as to bring about a final result materially different from that which the Republican administration has in view. But if Mr. Bryan can obtain his election by means of an accession of support given to him in the hope that he will pursue a "scuttling" policy in the Philippines, he must as an honest and sincere man employ the power so given to him to break down the Republican currency law. In perform-

ing this congenial task he would not need the co-operation of Congress. The recent currency law is not, because it could not be, self-acting in its operation. The power is given to the Secretary of the Treasury to adopt certain measures to maintain the gold standard. It is not effectively mandatory, for it is necessary that the time, manner and extent of those measures be left to the Secretary's discretion. It follows that a Secretary favorable to the establishment of the silver standard might, and probably would, neglect to avail himself of the power conferred on him. No doubt in the last analysis it is the fault of Republican statesmen that the monetary system stands on a basis so insecure, that a slight impulse in the wrong direction, perhaps the mere withholding of remedial measures authorized by law, at a critical moment, might cause the whole structure to fall in ruin. They have yielded so much and so often to the theory of bimetallism and to the vociferous demands of the silver party that the situation needs to be watched carefully. An administration hostile to the gold standard might only need to stand idle and allow events to take their course, in order to bring about silver monometallism. It was chiefly the fear of a collapse of the financial structure that arrayed thousands of Democratic manufacturers, merchants and tradesmen against Mr. Bryan four years ago; it causes them still to oppose him.

For a dozen years past both parties have been watching the amalgamation of companies to which the misnomer "trusts" has now been permanently attached. Commercial and industrial "monopolies" have been condemned with varying degrees of emphasis. Congress has passed a law intended to restrict their operations. Many of the States have adopted legislation with a design to prevent trusts from transacting business within their jurisdiction.

Despite everything the consolidations have continued. Apprehension of social and political peril from the enormous accumulation of capital and from the excessive capitalization of the huge corporations has not been confined to those whose favorite theme is the oppression of labor by the "money power." Yet the evolution of such combinations gives a great opportunity to the demagogue, and he has not been slow to avail himself of it. Fear of the trusts is nevertheless surely diminishing, and is actually almost dismissed by all save those who are the unceasing foes of capital. The view is becoming more and more prevalent that the consolidation of companies is a natural development of the corporation system, requiring regulation by law, but not necessarily dangerous. Moreover the wide distribution of the shares in the companies themselves, which makes a large fraction of the population interested peculiarly in one or another of them, has an important bearing upon public opinion as well as upon the political effect of a denunciation of all trusts in the platform of a party. It is one of the humors of the campaign that some of the chief lieutenants of Mr. Bryan in his present canvass are known to be connected with and largely interested in companies which clearly belong in the category of trusts.

In these circumstances it is not accurate to speak of the trust question as an important issue in the campaign. Both parties promise restraining legislation. The Republicans "condemn all conspiracies and combinations intended to restrict business, to create monopolies, to limit production or to control prices; and favor such legislation as will effectually restrain and prevent all such abuses, protect and promote competition, and secure the rights of producers, laborers, and all who are engaged in industry and commerce." The Democratic convention, character-

izing private monopoly as "indefensible and intolerable," declaring that unless the "insatiate greed" of such monopolies be checked "all wealth will be aggregated in a few hands and the Republic destroyed," pledged the Democratic party "to an unceasing warfare in nation, State and city against private monopoly in every form. Existing laws against trusts must be enforced, and more stringent ones must be enacted, providing for publicity as to the affairs of corporations engaged in interstate commerce, and requiring all corporations to show, before doing business outside of the State of their origin, that they have no water in their stock, and that they have not attempted and are not attempting to monopolize any branch of business or the production of any articles of merchandize; and the whole constitutional power of Congress over interstate commerce, the mails and all modes of interstate communication shall be exercised by the enactment of comprehensive laws upon the subject of trusts. Tariff laws should be amended by putting the products of trusts upon the free list, to prevent monopoly under the plea of protection."

The above is the nearest approach that has been made at any time to the formulation of a definite policy or even to the outlining of legislation intended to suppress the trusts. Its impracticability is obvious. How is a company to prove that its stock is not "watered"—that is, over-capitalized? If a law requiring such proof were strictly enforced, and the test of watering were the cash payment in full of all the shares of a company, there is not a railway company in the United States that would be permitted to carry a passenger or a pound of goods across the border of a State. How can a company prove that it is not attempting to establish a monopoly? What is to be done with companies which operate under patents, and which are therefore

protected by law in monopolies authorized by the Constitution? The Republicans have shrewdly refrained from committing themselves to a definite program. They say that their party has already passed the only workable law on the subject of trusts, and that it can be relied upon to take whatever further action may be necessary. At the time these pages are written there is no evidence that the effort of the Democrats to make the trusts an issue in the canvass has met with success. Those who were Democrats before declaim loudly upon the subject; the rest of the community is indifferent.

The great question at issue is the future colonial policy of the Republic. The Democrats and their allies call it Imperialism or Militarism. The Republicans deny that they or any one else in the country favors a policy which can with accuracy be described as imperialism. Imperialism in the United States,—whether by that term is signified the radical departure from the institutions of the country fancied by the opposition, or the actual policy of the present administration,—is not that which Englishmen understand by the word, as it is applied to their own country. Let us summarize the facts and events that have given rise to the issue in America. First, the Declaration of Independence, which asserts that "all men are created equal," and that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." Americans generally have always held theoretically to these principles; those who adhere to them most strongly are the severest critics of their own government for certain notorious violations of them. Secondly, the written Constitution, which makes no express provision for the acquisition of territory, by conquest, purchase or self-cession. Thirdly,—since the right to acquire territory in all these modes has been assumed and exercised—a tradition that

accessions must be limited to territory contiguous to the Union as it exists. Fourthly, the traditional policy of the country, enjoined by the fathers, friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; the Monroe doctrine, in its modern form, authorizing the United States to see that all the independent governments of North and South America have fair play, to protect them against absorption or partition by European powers, to prevent them from throwing themselves into the arms of any covetous sovereign, and to maintain a mild police supervision over the whole continent; and the precious privilege—supposed to have been earned by the national virtues of seeking nothing abroad and of guarding weak neighbors,—of determining as to every contest in any part of the world, on which side lies the right, the triumph of which of the belligerent nations will promote the rights of man.

The foregoing facts were the basis of the foreign policy of the United States prior to the beginning of Mr. McKinley's administration; and upon the whole the policy was pursued with consistency. The events of three years have overturned it, they have compelled a modification of some of the principles on which it was based. The war against Spain was in strict accordance with the basal idea of the Monroe doctrine. Cuba was governed on the worst model of a practically irresponsible monarchy. The people were oppressed and were discontented. Order was not maintained. So keen was the sympathy of Americans with the misgoverned and struggling Cubans that the government of the United States was put to heavy expense in endeavoring to restrain its citizens from lending aid to the insurgents. One rebellion followed another; and the cost of policing the coast became almost an annual charge upon the Treasury. Occa-

sional failures to prevent filibustering more than once threatened to embroil the country with Spain. We need not inquire how or why the scandal of a disorderly neighborhood and the loss of an American ship of war in Havana harbor finally culminated in open war. Apparently the people of the South and West were united in favor of a war policy; their representatives were urged onward by a strong public sentiment. When the crisis came, no political party and few political leaders opposed the declaration of war. The President is known most reluctantly to have broken relations with Spain. The Democratic statesmen forced his hand; his supporters did not venture to contend against the pressure.

The war was popular throughout the country, and among men of all parties. When it came to an end nearly all Americans were glad it had been undertaken. Those who hesitated longest had become convinced that sooner or later the duty of expelling Spain from Cuba must have been accepted. The easy and complete victory flattered the national pride. It also proved that the time for the performance of the duty was well chosen. A secondary result of the war bids fair to be of vastly greater value to the nation than the achievement of the purpose for which it was mainly undertaken. The South took its full share in the contest. Confederate generals and the sons of "rebels" fought gloriously under the old flag. When peace came it was found that the old sectional bitterness, nearly a century old, bred and fostered by the existence of slavery, had almost completely disappeared.

But the duty of the nation did not end with the expulsion of Spain from Cuba. The war was undertaken not only under a national pledge not to make Cuba its prize, but without an intimation by any public man or public journal that military success might be

followed by any territorial reprisal. The unexpected welcome given by the inhabitants of Porto Rico to the American forces seems first to have suggested the acquisition of that island as a war indemnity. It is an interesting fact that opposition to an acceptance of the sovereignty over Porto Rico did not manifest itself in any quarter until the inconsistency of making a distinction in principle between the cases of one populous island in the West Indies and of a group of populous islands in the Pacific had been ironically forced upon the "anti-imperialists." Even now only the most radical anti-expansionists—and not all of them—favor a surrender of Porto Rico. It was no surprise to Americans to learn that, having put an end to Spanish domination in Cuba, their government had become responsible in the eyes of the world for the future of that island. But they did not appreciate at first, many of them are still unwilling to concede, that when they also destroyed the Spanish power in the Philippines, which they had not consciously undertaken to do, they took upon themselves a burden which they had no right to throw off. They had incurred a moral obligation to control the destiny of a populous colony without the consent of the governed.

The political parties take widely different views, first, of the motives that lay behind the clauses of the Treaty of Paris relating to the Philippines; secondly, of the policy pursued toward the Filipinos when the ratification of the treaty vested the sovereignty over them in the United States; thirdly, in respect of the present duty of the Republic toward the islands and their inhabitants. These are the party questions now on trial before the only tribunal that can decide them. On the one hand the Democrats, in their platform, ascribe the Philippine policy to a spirit of "greedy commercialism," which they

rightly denounce as a "sordid and unworthy plea." The Republicans assert that there was never a moment from the time when Dewey's guns destroyed the fleet in Manila Bay, when the United States could have withdrawn from the islands, or have been less strenuous than it actually was in maintaining authority in the Philippines, without national dishonor and a cowardly shrinking from duty. It is true that the demand for the cession of the islands was not made nor even decided upon until the Peace Commission met. The supporters of the administration believe the President's hesitation and delay to have been caused by his desire to find another solution of the problem, and by his unwillingness to accept sovereignty over a distant and troublesome possession. His opponents ascribe his action to ambition and a newly born spirit of imperialism, and to the "sordid and unworthy" motive of an extension of trade.

In a true sense the Democrats have no right to raise any question whatever as to imperialism, and none as to the motives of the President and of the Republican senators who voted to ratify the Treaty of Paris. That treaty provides distinctly for the transfer of the sovereignty over the Philippines to the United States. Like all treaties, it required the consent of two-thirds of the senators. The Republicans have a majority of the Senate, but not one large enough to ratify a treaty in the face of a united Democratic opposition. Mr. Bryan ascertained who among the Democrats were opposed to the treaty and urged them to give their votes in favor of it. His influence thus personally exerted saved the treaty from rejection. In explanation of his course, in his speech accepting the Democratic nomination, he said: "The title of Spain being extinguished, we were at liberty to deal

with the Filipinos according to American principles. The Bacon resolution, introduced a month before hostilities broke out at Manila, promised independence to the Filipinos on the same terms that it was promised to the Cubans. I supported this resolution and believe that its adoption prior to the breaking out of hostilities would have prevented bloodshed, and that its adoption at any subsequent time would have ended hostilities."

Accepting this as an accurate and complete explanation of his course, Mr. Bryan appears almost too guileless to be entrusted with the home and foreign affairs of a great country. He was in a position to defeat the treaty by merely holding his hand. He was warned by some of the Republican opponents of the treaty that the rejection of it was the only security against taking the Philippines as a colony. He knew that nearly all the Republicans and some of the Democrats would oppose and probably defeat the "Bacon resolution." If, in the face of all the warnings he received, he still urged the ratification of the treaty he, more than any other man, is responsible for the ultimate consequences. He certainly has not the right to be judged by his own version of his motives, and the right to judge his opponents by his version of their motives.

The outbreak of the Filipino insurrection has required the employment of a larger army than was ever before raised in the country, save during the Civil War. The hostilities carried on against the natives have, say the Democrats, in their platform, "placed the United States, previously known and applauded throughout the civilized world as the champion of freedom, in the un-American position of crushing with military force the efforts of our former allies to achieve liberty and self-government." Beyond all question, if the events of the past two years had oc-

curred ten years ago; and if upon any other country, Great Britain, for example, had been imposed the duty of restoring and preserving order in the Philippine islands, American sympathy would have been enlisted actively in behalf of the natives. Circumstances alter cases. Americans now feel the need of sympathy. They appreciate better than they did formerly the British position in Egypt. They can believe that others than themselves may unwillingly annex and assume the government of territory which they do not covet. The Filipino war has been hateful to the American people without distinction of party. Those who had not the conduct of affairs are ready to tell how it could have been avoided. Those who are responsible for the government, and they are not the most bloodthirsty citizens of the Republic, do not know how peace could have been preserved.

The organized insurrection in the Philippines having been suppressed, what next? The policies of the two parties differ in form; it is not so obvious as perhaps it should be that either is in essence and in methods greatly more imperialistic than the other. The Republican platform puts it thus:

"Our authority could not be less than our responsibility; and wherever sovereign rights were extended it became the high duty of the government to maintain its authority, to put down armed insurrection, and to confer the blessings of liberty and civilization upon all the rescued peoples. The largest measure of self-government consistent with their welfare and our duties shall be secured to them by law."

President McKinley's own words, in his speech of acceptance, repeat all these points with the greater freedom and vigor permissible in a spoken address.

"The Philippines are ours, and Amer-

lean authority must be supreme throughout the archipelago. There will be amnesty, broad and liberal, but no abatement of our rights, no abandonment of our duty. There must be no scuttle policy. We will fulfil in the Philippines the obligations imposed by the triumphs of our arms and by the treaty of peace, by international law, by the nation's sense of honor, and, more than all, by the rights, interests and conditions of the Philippine people themselves. No outside interference blocks the way to peace and a stable government. The obstructionists are here, not elsewhere. They may postpone but they cannot defeat the realization of the high purpose of this nation to restore order to the islands and to establish a just and generous government in which the inhabitants shall have the largest participation for which they are capable."

The Democratic platform contains these passages:

"To impose upon any people a government of force is to substitute the methods of imperialism for those of a republic."

"The Filipinos cannot be citizens without endangering our civilization; they cannot be subjects without imperilling our form of government; and as we are not willing to surrender our civilization or to convert the Republic into an Empire, we favor an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose to give the Filipinos, first, a stable form of government; second, independence; and, third, protection from outside interference, such as has been given for nearly a century to the republics of Central and South America."

Mr. Bryan, in his speech accepting the Democratic nomination, made the following pledge that he would carry out the program outlined in the platform:

"If elected, I shall convene Congress in extraordinary session as soon as I

am inaugurated, and recommend an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose—first, to establish a stable form of government in the Philippine islands, just as we are now establishing a stable form of government in the island of Cuba; second, to give independence to the Filipinos, just as we have promised to give independence to the Cubans; third, to protect the Filipinos from outside interference while they work out their destiny, just as we have protected the republics of Central and South America, and are, by the Monroe doctrine, pledged to protect Cuba."

No doubt the two policies are radically different in their professed ultimate purpose. The Democrats would make haste to divest the nation of nominal sovereignty over the islands; the Republicans would maintain a real sovereignty over them. But when it comes to a question of measures to accomplish the two results the difference almost disappears. Both parties propose that the government of the United States shall establish a government over the Philippines; the Democratic platform proposes to "give" them a government. But suppose that the Filipinos do not accept the gift. In that case it must be imposed upon them by force, which is to adopt "the methods of imperialism," or resort must be had to the "scuttle policy." Moreover, while Mr. Bryan does not look so far into the future as to consider what he would do in the event of a revolution in the Philippines and the overthrow of his stable government a week after he had given it to them, there can be no question that a government which is to be protected from outside interference must be one which the protector deems worthy to be protected. Bearing in mind the turbulent character of the Malay peoples one can see that the stability of an independent government of their own cannot be maintained without a military force as large as would be

required to safeguard American sovereignty. Such an occupation of foreign territory would be as obnoxious to the principles of liberty and free government as would be the retention of sovereignty over the islands. Furthermore, the internal and the external protection of the islands require a large army and navy, precisely as would the policy contemplated by the Republicans, and militarism is in the two cases involved to the same extent.

It will be seen that the problem what does and what does not constitute imperialism has not been fully worked out in America. In no mind, apparently, is the idea so confused and vague as it is in that of Mr. Bryan himself. One might almost fancy that his preparation for a discussion of imperialism was limited to a study of the dictionary. He seems to have found that "imperial" signifies "of or pertaining to an empire," and that an empire is "a country under the rule of an emperor." From these definitions he has arrived at the sapient conclusion that imperialism in his country involves the substitution of monarchical for republican forms. The germ of this idea appears in a passage just quoted from the Democratic platform, but Mr. Bryan adopts the idea in a developed form. Two passages from his utterances during this canvass will show that the statement here made is not an exaggeration. They will also indicate to Englishmen to what extent he understands the principles of their government, and under what a yoke of despotism he fancies them to be placed.

In accepting the Populist nomination at Topeka, on August 23d, he said:

"When such an issue, (the issue of imperialism) is raised there can be only two parties, the party, whatever its name may be, which believes in a republic, and a party, whatever its name, which believes in an empire; and the

influence of every citizen is consciously or unconsciously, intentionally or unintentionally, thrown upon one side or the other.

"Where the divine right of kings is recognized, the monarch can grant different degrees of liberty to different subjects. The people of England can be ruled in one way, the people of Canada in another, the people of Ireland in another, while the people of India may be governed according to still different forms. But there can be no variety in a republic. The doctrine of a republic differs from the doctrine of a monarchy as the day differs from the night, and between the two doctrines there is and ever must be, an irrepressible conflict. Queen Victoria has recognized this necessary antagonism between the democratic and imperial form of government. In proroguing Parliament a few days ago she said: 'Believing that the continued political independence of the republics would be a constant danger to the peace of South Africa, I authorized the annexation of the Orange Free State.'"

It makes little difference whether Mr. Bryan believes, or only wishes his supporters to believe, that the annexation of the Orange Free State was an act performed by authority of the divine right of kings, and that it might not have taken place if the people had enjoyed a share in the government. In the one case ignorance, in the other a lack of candor, prove his unfitness even to discuss the question which the American people are to decide.

In his earlier speech of acceptance, on August 8th, he made the following startling statements:

"A republic can have no subjects. A subject is possible only in a government resting upon force; he is unknown in a government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed. . . . The whole difference between a monarchy and a republic may be

summed up in one sentence. In a monarchy the king gives to the people what he believes to be a good government; in a republic the people secure for themselves what they believe to be a good government."

Neither Mr. Bryan nor any of the Democratic orators who support him venture to apply such principles as these to the purchase of Louisiana and Alaska nor to the acquisition from Mexico of territory by conquest, in all which cases the consent of the governed was not asked. Nor do they explain how the red Indians can be otherwise described than as "subjects." Nor do they let the world know how—taking Mr. Bryan's summing-up as a scientific distinction—the white people of the South can give what they "believe to be a good government" to the disfranchised colored people, without transforming the republic into a monarchy.

It may be thought that an undue amount of space has been given to the Democratic ideas upon imperialism as exemplified in the platform and in the utterances of the party candidate. But it cannot be without interest to Englishmen to know with how shallow a knowledge of the world and of other governments, and with what narrow views of great questions of international policy that candidate would enter upon the duty of administering the government of the United States. No one questions his sincerity; that cannot be said of all his followers. Many men of prominence in the party who now declaim loudly against "imperialism" were, not many months ago, contemptuous toward those who held the views they now profess. They are the same men who denounced free silver before the convention of 1896, and changed their attitude after the platform was made.

There is no need to develop at length the policy of the Republican party. It has already been set forth in practice.

It involves the retention of the new possessions and the maintenance of order in them at any cost. It includes experimental attempts to introduce self-government by the natives, but not a promise to continue the system should it be unsuccessful. Those who support the President in his policy do so from motives identical with those with which Great Britain rules India. The stump orators who denounce the despotism the Republic is declared to have set up in the Philippines know that the whole country would be aroused to the highest pitch of indignation were a real despotism to be established, and that without distinction of party the people would unite to put an end to it. As for an empire and an emperor, the lunatic asylums are large enough to contain all Americans who would favor a change from the republican to the monarchical form of government.

Reference has been made to the fact that Mr. Bryan has attracted to his standard this year a class of men in whom his attitude and purpose on every subject save this of imperialism excite profound distrust. The Republic contains no more estimable citizens than those who form the little group of men, attached to no party, who, under the style of Anti-Imperialists, advise the support of Mr. Bryan. They have the most sincere belief in the righteousness of the principles of the Declaration of Independence. They have a deep conviction that Aguinaldo is the Washington of his country, that his followers are to be compared with the "embattled farmers" who withstood the British forces at Concord Bridge, and that the present administration is more blameworthy than was the government of George III in 1775, because it professes a higher regard for liberty and is sinning against greater light. These men know the difference between imperialism and government by an emperor. They wish

the United States to depart not only from the Philippines, but from Porto Rico and Hawaii as well. They take pains to add that they include the American negro in their principle that all men should have the right of self-government. It is not possible to speak of them in other terms than those of respect. Their years entitle most of them to the reverence due to the hoary head. They have lost the courage of youth. They are alarmed. They doubt the power as well as deny the right to govern colonies. Mr. Bryan gains from their support an accession of respectability, but not a great accession of numbers. The anti-imperialistic propaganda had its origin in Boston, where the Puritan conscience still survives, self-accusatory, uncompromising, implacable. It impels some men, in seeking light upon their public and private duties, to disregard every consideration of expediency and of the interests of themselves and others, and to square their conduct rigidly by their view, sometimes broad and sometimes narrow, of absolute right. When such men write and publish sonnets to Aguinaldo, when they send messages of encouragement to the Filipinos, and denounce a gentle and tender-hearted President as a monster and a murderer, they carry few of the people along with them, but they do endanger their own reputations. The practical men smile rather than frown. They know that the task before the country is made more difficult by the ill-advised utterances of the Anti-Imperialists, and that their interference results in more rather than in less bloodshed. But they cannot withhold respect from the men who think they are acting as in the sight of God.

It is, or ought to be, a remarkable fact that while this question of imperialism as it is presented to Americans, the government of subject populations, is made so prominent in the politics of

the day, that branch of it which concerns the negroes of the Southern States is almost wholly neglected. Approximately there are ten million colored people in the Union, and in the States in which slavery formerly existed there are more of them than of Filipinos in the archipelago. The amendments to the Constitution, adopted after the Civil War, were designed to secure equality of suffrage to whites and blacks. The intent of the Constitution was long ago nullified by a reign of terror in the South, which the public men of that part of the country now plainly avow to have been undertaken with that end solely in view. At the present time the Constitution itself is undergoing nullification by the adoption of provisions in the State constitutions limiting the right of suffrage. The system is identical in the several States. It is based upon a pretence of introducing an educational test for voters. No one, it provides, can be registered as a voter unless he can write in English and can read any passage of the Constitution of the United States. But any person who was a voter in 1865 according to the law of the State in which he then resided, and the descendants of all such persons, are exempted from the test. Inasmuch as there were no negro voters in 1865, and inasmuch as all white men might have been voters at that time, the provision is not only practically but literally one for applying the test to negroes only.

Four or five of the Southern States have already inserted this, which has been termed "the grandfather clause," in their constitutions, others are about to do so, and in the course of a few years, if the policy should be continued, practically the whole negro population of the South is to be disfranchised. Representation in Congress and the number of electoral votes in choosing a President are based upon the comparative aggregate population in each

State. It follows that the white men in the southern States already possess an undue share of political power, and that in a short time they will possess each twice the power over the government of the country that is enjoyed by the same number of men in the North. But incidentally the change that is taking place is an introduction of imperialistic methods in the most offensive form. It is reducing men who have been citizens to the condition of subjects devoid of all political rights. Yet the Republicans, who gave freedom to the slave, and who have always been the chief if not the only protectors of such political rights for the colored people as have survived, do not even mention in their platform the outrage upon liberty that is being perpetrated. The Democrats, who profit by the denial of the suffrage to the negroes, are silent on the subject, of course, although they would grant the privilege of self-government to the Filipinos. It is left for the pitifully small group of Anti-Imperialists to lift their feeble voices in behalf of the negroes at home.

It remains to consider how the several questions at issue are to be decided next month by the American people, in other words how far opinion has changed in the States upon the old questions, and how far political action is to be affected by the arising of new ones. This is a matter of personal observation and of a comparison of the reports made by competent and trustworthy residents in all parts of the country. It is admitted that in the South proper—in the States from Virginia to the Gulf of Mexico—there is to be no change. The votes of all those States will be given to Mr. Bryan. The people are less devoted to the cause of free silver than they were four years ago; a considerable number of them have no dread of "expansion" nor of the imperialism which their leaders assure

them is impending. But even those who advocate the gold standard and those who heartily approve the administration policy in the Philippines, will vote with the Democrats. The wonderful growth of manufacturing industry in the South during the last fifteen years has created in that region a strong movement in favor of the protective tariff; but almost to a man those who have changed their position on this question will vote for Mr. Bryan, who is frankly a free trader. The negro issue dominates the South still. There are some observers who believe that when it shall have been eliminated from southern politics by the simple expedient of suppressing the negro's political power, the white people will divide, as do their northern brethren, upon vital problems that affect the whole country. That change is at all events far in the future.

Elsewhere, throughout the country, most men are predisposed to the position on every question taken by their respective parties; as they are in all countries, at every election. A Democratic candidate needs only "the solid South" and the four formerly "doubtful" northern States of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Indiana to obtain an election by a narrow majority. The basis of all political prognostications was swept away in the election of 1896. Mr. McKinley carried all four of the "doubtful" States by majorities aggregating four hundred thousand votes in a total poll of two and a half million; he snatched four "border" southern States from the Democrats; he lost to Mr. Bryan ten of the newer Western States which were formerly Republican. This was the work of the Free Silver issue. The present problems are: how lasting is the effect of the changes wrought by the question of free coinage; how potent is the supposed issue of imperialism to cause further changes; and in which direc-

tion will the resultant of the several new and old forces act.

These pages will reach their readers at a time so near to the counting of the votes that predictions of the result are as needless as they are hazardous. Both parties, a month before the election, are confident of success. The Democrats expect to retain all they had in 1896, to recover the southern States which they then lost, and to capture one or more States in the central West. The Republicans expect the breach which they effected four years ago in the South to be at least partially closed, but they do not need any southern votes. They could lose them all and so large a State as Indiana beside, and still elect Mr. McKinley. They do not apprehend the loss of any northern State; on the other hand they are confident of regaining some of the States of the far West.

To all appearance the silver question is working in favor of the Republicans both in the East and in the West. A certain number of Gold Democrats, some of whom voted for Mr. McKinley and others who supported the independent ticket of Palmer and Buckner, have returned to their party. But throughout the eastern States the fear of Mr. Bryan's ability and disposition to bring about the silver standard, is still rife, and most of those who broke away from the Democratic party from that cause are still opposed to it. On the other hand the mining States and other States of the far West were carried over to Mr. Bryan by the silver issue only; and his evident purpose to evade all questions as to his present position on that question, in the event of his election, has alienated many of his supporters.

It is more difficult to estimate the effect of the cry of imperialism, and wholly impossible to discover any popular movement originating from the "trust" issue. "Expansion" of the

country is universally popular. Mr. Bryan takes pains to say that he is in favor of it. Few of the common people can appreciate the subtle distinction between "expansion" and "imperialism." The Republicans scoff at the actual fears of some of their opponents and the simulated anxiety of the others. They are not oppressors themselves and are not in favor of oppression. The best opinion of the political movement is that the surface current is toward the Republican party. Scores of men who were prominent Democrats in Cleveland's time have publicly pronounced "imperialism" to be a "bugaboo" and proclaimed their intention of voting for Mr. McKinley. Whether or not there is an undercurrent in the opposite direction, a count of the votes alone will determine. Such a movement cannot be inferred from the result of the elections in Vermont and Maine.

It would be but a partial view of the situation and of the probabilities, if the material condition of the United States were not made a part of it. It is a well-known fact to which there are practically no exceptions that in prosperous times the tendency to sustain the existing administration of a government is stronger than in hard times. The circumstance that the past four years have formed a period of almost unexampled prosperity, so far as it is worth anything, is in favor of the Republicans. Mr. Bryan recognizes this; for in his address accepting the Populist nomination he urges that the industrial revival and the improvement in the condition of the farmers was not brought about by Republican measures. He also assures the Populists that prosperity is already "on the wane." That is a good argument with which to appeal to the party which has always thriven on the cry of "calamity." But the evidence of approaching hard times which he produces is not convincing; and through-

out the whole region in which the Populist party has been strong there is no indication of a collapse.

To some readers it may be a matter of surprise that in all this discussion of parties and candidates, of political issues, of the colonial policy and of the minor influences to be examined in connection with the canvass, no mention has been made of questions involving the relations between the United Kingdom and the United States. The reason is the simplest imaginable. The American people themselves are not considering those questions. The issues which must be decided by them are too momentous to be complicated either with lesser matters of foreign policy as to which a mild interest only is felt, or with matters of pure sentiment. No observer of American opinion at the present day, who is also conversant with popular feeling in the past, can fail to be impressed by the decided change that has taken place in the mental attitude of the people toward England. Yet Englishmen, whose interest in American politics has naturally been confined to questions of trade, or of the relations between Canada and the Republic, probably understand clearly neither the former nor the present condition of public opinion. They have fancied a spirit of hostility toward their country which has not existed for many years. The active material as well as moral support given to the cause of Home Rule for Ireland was dictated rather by devotion to the Declaration of Independence principle of "the consent of the governed" than by a sentiment of opposition to England. If the Republicans made much of every piece of evidence they could accumulate that England greatly desired the downfall of the protective tariff in the United States, the point of their argument was not that protection would injure English trade, but that the trade interests

of the two countries were mutually opposed, and that Americans should promote their own interests rather than those of their rivals. When questions of territorial boundary have been raised, each country has, of course, defended its own contention. The isolation of the American Republic, its few points of contact with the politics of the world, its frequent changes of administration, and its lack of a body of trained diplomatists, have given its methods in dealing with its neighbors an amateurish character and a crudeness which has often seemed reckless and brutal. Beneath the surface there was probably no more firmness on the one side than on the other, and on neither side was there an antagonistic spirit that would outlast the decision of the matter in controversy.

The facts that a vast proportion of the American foreign trade is with England, and a large share of Great Britain's foreign trade with the United States; that America's chief industrial struggle has always been to protect its own products from English competition; that Great Britain is practically the only neighbor of the Republic on the American continent, and that numerous boundary, navigation, fishing and trading questions have always been pending between the Union and the Dominion; all these facts have served to create an idea in America that the two countries could never agree. Whenever the discussion of any question has become acute, American statesmen have expressed their opinion of what they deemed British arrogance and obstinacy in language which is popularly designated as "twisting the lion's tail." But this oratorical device has been rather intended to unite public sentiment at home by giving it a concrete object of opposition, than to alarm Great Britain by beating a Gong.

All this was predicated upon a state of affairs which has been profoundly

modified during the last three years. The war with Spain produced the change. Every American at heart believes that the task of conquering Spain, and still more of imposing the terms of peace unmolested, was made easier of execution and was more promptly accomplished, because the British government not only acted with friendly neutrality but showed plainly that it would tolerate no interference by other Powers. If it be also true that no American who has studied the history of the world fancies that the great and most welcome assistance thus rendered was prompted by pure disinterestedness, his appreciation of the value of British non-action and action is not diminished. All governments base their policy upon considerations of self-interest. Patriotism is nothing but national selfishness. Great Britain, in this case, opened the eyes of Americans to the fact that the common interests of the two nations are more and more important than their mutual antagonism. They are still at liberty to contend over matters wherein their interests are opposed, but on the great world questions they stand side by side.

It is easy enough to discover in the Democratic platform apparent indications that hostility towards England exists and is to have its part in determining the result of the pending canvass. The party "condemns the Hay-Pauncefote treaty as a surrender of American interests not to be tolerated by the American people;" it "condemns the ill-concealed Republican alliance with England . . . which has already stifled the nation's voice while liberty is being strangled in Africa;" and it "views with indignation the purpose of England to overwhelm with force the South African republics." No votes are caught and no voters are affected by these utterances. At the beginning of the war in South Africa many Ameri-

cans, not merely the Irish politicians who are ever seeking a quarrel with England, but natives of the best class, sympathized strongly with the Boers. At the clubs the discussion over the causes of the war and the righteousness of the position of England was frequently warm and angry. It is impossible to say on which side was the sympathy of a majority of the people, but it is not unlikely that on the whole England was regarded as being in the wrong. It would nevertheless not be the popular judgment that the interests of civilization would be promoted by the success of the Boers. No person of standing or influence in public affairs suggested an attempt to assist them with anything more potent than an expression of disapproval of their enemies. Even Mr. Bryan cautiously refrains from going further than that. As the war dragged on and the startling events in China attracted the attention of the world, interest in the South African struggle has ceased altogether. It would be difficult at the present time to collect an assemblage of a hundred people in any large American city to listen to the most eloquent champion of the Boers.

Again, on the question of the Nicaragua Canal and the Clayton-Bulwer and Hay-Pauncefote treaties, there is in America but the most languid interest. It was discussed with a certain degree of passion by some of the newspapers, a few months ago. Both parties profess themselves to be in favor of the construction and ownership of the canal by the government of the United States. But no one is really excited over the subject, no one anticipates trouble, no one doubts that the matter will be amicably arranged. That both Great Britain and the United States have rights in the case is recognized by the Republican administration which is at present charged with the conduct of foreign affairs. The same fact would

be recognized, after a little harmless and meaningless bluster, by the Democrats, if they should obtain power. In fact it is not to be doubted that both the foreign and the colonial policy of the government would remain virtually unchanged under a Bryan administration, despite the violent phrases of the Democratic platform, and the wholesale condemnation placed upon everything the Republicans have done.

Even the excellent work done in China by the American government in co-operation with the powers of Europe does not enter into this canvass. The Republicans surely ought to have found in the events in that quarter of the world the strongest vindication of their "imperialistic" policy. The possession and occupation of the Philippines alone enabled the government to take the honorable part it had in the rescue of the besieged legations. All Americans approve the persistency with which Mr. Hay has opposed the partition of China, and attribute the present prospect of the success of that policy largely to his efforts. Yet the Republicans have failed to take advantage of this point, even to the extent of using it as disproof of the Democratic accusation that the present administration "has involved us in so-called world-politics, including the diplomacy of Europe and the intrigue and land-grabbing of Asia."

That there is much that is objectionable and much that is petty in American politics no one denies. Americans themselves do not allow the world to forget it. The accusations and counter-accusations in the party newspapers and on the stump bring most of the misdoing to the surface. On the other hand the tendency to exaggeration, which is perhaps a national character-

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istic, is not well understood beyond the limits of the Union, and foreigners naturally believe that each party is right in its opinion of the other, that public men are for the most part guided by unworthy motives, or dissuaded from statesmanlike action by fear of the consequences to their personal fortunes, that corruption is rife and boss-rule triumphant, and that, in short, political strife has but one end and aim, vote-getting. It is simply necessary to make a large discount upon all these points. Other nations have gone through epochs when such accusations might truly have been brought against them. Let it not be forgotten that England herself encountered and wisely decided great questions of government when there were evils in her political system as extensive and seemingly as ineradicable as those which are sometimes supposed to have free sway in the States, and not wholly unlike them. All students of history know that the evils were but minor incidents, and that a vast majority of the people were right-thinking, well-meaning, God-fearing men. So it is to-day in the United States. Small politicians contend over the candidates for office; intriguers plot and plan to advance their personal fortunes; but the people as a whole—regretting that they must now and then be used by the little political tradesmen for sordid purposes—vote as they fervently believe most effectually to promote the honor and welfare of their country. In recent years they have had to decide questions of great moment. Some of them at least they have decided wisely, if results are made the test. Other questions lie before them. The people face these issues with courage and with soberness.

THE TALE OF A TUSKER.

Most shooting-stories tell of success, of some good bag, or of the gain of a particular head; for a change, here is a tale of defeat. This is the account, taken from my journal, of a long day after elephants, a most interesting and exciting day, to which I look back as among the very best of all my sporting time.

To begin with, I would say a word to disarm criticism of certain obvious mistakes in woodcraft. I was a comparative novice at big game; and I took to heart, and have since greatly profited by remembering, certain facts impressed on me on this occasion. Further, lest anyone take exception to the long-drawn-out description of the pursuit, or think that we are slow in coming to the point, be it said unto him that in the tracking, in its ever-varying incidents, difficulties and successes, lies to me the chief and never flagging charm of all elephant, bison and buffalo shooting on foot, and that this is an attempt to set that charm and interest before the reader.

The country was Ceylon, and the month January. We had been vainly searching for a rogue elephant, and having finally decided that he had left the district, had betaken ourselves to fresh ground, and were encamped near the sea. On the morning of the 14th I was late in rising, meaning to make an easy day of it, and my comrade was away long before I had had my early tea and done some work about the camp. At half-past six I went out for a stroll, leaving word that I would be back by ten o'clock for breakfast. So little thought had I of going far that, to spare my only decent footgear (a pair of light shooting-boots already in an advanced stage of decay), I had put on canvas tennis-shoes, excellent for noiseless prowling, but not suitable for

a long journey. Neither had I or my man any food or drink. For arms, I had a .450 express, while the big rifle (a ten-bore) was carried by Hena, a Cingalese, who was an indifferent hunter, plucky enough, but quite ignorant of woodcraft.

In half an hour we reached our ground, an irregular plain surrounded by thick cover. As there was no game visible we began to walk quietly through the outskirts of the jungle, hoping to find deer in one of the many glades. The first beat, however, proved fruitless, and we struck deeper into the trees. There had lately been very heavy rain, and the whole country was drenched; in the hollows the water stood in wide pools, and every *nullah* was brimming over.

Our new line soon brought us to a thicket, where big trees, interspersed with close-growing saplings, formed a gloomy shade which the morning sun could not yet dissipate, and through which the eye, led astray by the thick confusion of stem and bough and leaf, failed to penetrate beyond a few yards. It was a likely place for a sambur, and I had the .450 ready. We moved with exceptional caution. The noiseless wading of a *nullah* took two or three minutes. At once Hena bent and peered into the foliage to the left, where I saw a few leaves gently shaking. "*Alliah* (an elephant)," he whispered, and then clutching my arm in his excitement, "*Eta, eta, eta, alliah* (a tusker elephant)," and suddenly I saw among the leaves a long and shining tusk. Without the slightest warning we had walked straight up to a tusker.

Now in Ceylon tuskers are extremely rare, so rare that few sportsmen ever see one. I can think of half a dozen people who have shot one, but I know

nobody who can claim two. It will be well believed that when a tusker is heard of he is pursued with energy, that *shikaris* watch for and report his presence, that days, or even weeks, will be spent upon his track, and that no other game is thought of while he can still be followed. Tales of Ceylon tusk-ers outvie Munchausen. It was, then, unheard-of luck which, without the slightest trouble to himself, had placed a novice within fifteen yards of this rare beast, the first sign of whose presence was the sight of his shining tusk. A wonderful chance indeed! never surely had there been such another.

It was difficult to make the elephant out in the half-light of the dense cover, but he was not of great size, probably something over eight feet high. He was broadside on, perfectly motionless; and as I loaded and cocked the ten-bore, more noiselessly than I had ever done before, as I crept cautiously towards the animal and paused when he made a quiet pace forward, as I halted within ten yards to wait an opportunity to fire, confident in my two or three previous triumphs, I never doubted of success. The foliage was so thick about him that I could not see his head distinctly, but his quiet advance, for he took now and then a slow step onwards, promised soon to bring him into a gap near me about a yard broad. Into this, accordingly, I crept and crouched down six or seven yards from where I thought he would pass. For full five minutes I waited. The elephant was quiet, evidently dozing, but now and then he would swing his trunk against the thin stems on either side, causing a shiver and rustle of their foliage. I could hear the deep rumble of his inside, and the great breath that once or twice burst up from his lungs; I could see his fore-feet distinctly, but no vital spot. Then he came forward, and stopped, the brute, at the very edge of the gap, his brain covered by a thick-

ish sapling, his forehead and trunk in full view. Not daring to stir I waited, for an age as it seemed, noting every wrinkle of the loosely-hanging trunk, every blink of the half-closed eye, every stain and blemish of the tusks; the left one, the nearer, stood two feet beyond the lip and was broken sharply at the end; the other was a foot longer. I do not know how long the animal stood there, but at last round he swung into the gap towards me, and as I hurriedly raised the rifle and pulled the trigger he was towering above me, barely five yards off. I was too close to him, and felt my aim had been too high; his advance had taken me by surprise.

But a two-ounce bullet hits hard, and this one knocked the tusker over like a nine-pin, as the tremendous crash of branch and sapling plainly told, a torn-off twig hitting my shoulder. The smoke hung very dense, and I did not like to advance, but a shrill trumpeting and continued crashing showed that the beast was struggling to his feet, and when I plucked up courage and went forward, he was on his legs, his feet far apart, his body swaying drunkenly from side to side, his head buried in the branches. Of course I ought now to have fired at his heart, but I was a beginner and did not, trusting to the common rule in Ceylon which bids one fire only at the brain. Already he began to make some staggering sort of way forward. He got back into the gap but never exposed his head; his pace quickened into a run, and then, wildly trumpeting, he rushed headlong forward, crashing, smashing, rending, straight through the thick and cumbered forest. My dash in pursuit, hindered at every step by the chaos of destruction in his wake, was hopeless; the bushes closed behind his tail and I saw him no more. Hena came up, and on we ran, hearing close ahead a loud splashing, and emerged on the banks of a large water-course, whose turbid flood was still in

wild commotion. As we plunged through, up to the arm-pits in the yellow stream, loud trumpeting and a heavy crash announced that something had happened. Wild hope thrilled me that the tusker was down and done for. Alas, no! on a slight slope we found the tokens of his fall; two long slides marked where his feet had slipped from under him, while a deep impression on the soil showed that he had, as we thought, measured his length on the greasy ground. But he was up and away, and now began to shape a definite course through the jungle, following the game-paths and open glades which here made the country easy. He still went very fast, his feet at each immense stride going deep into the soft ground, here and there ploughing long slides, while many fragments of torn and muddy turf made his path plain from a distance.

With so unmistakable a track to follow our progress was quick. We were both in perfect condition, and when I got my second wind I felt as if I could go on forever; and I meant to go on, though already I felt hampered by my thin shoes, and had begun to reflect that we had no food or drink and that neither of us knew the country. A native, outside the district where he knows every yard of ground, is but a poor guide; I therefore took constant note of our direction, which throughout the day remained down-wind, south-westward, trending obliquely inland and away from camp.

About half-past eight, after nearly an hour's hot chase, a splash and a quiet ripple of water announced some animal. Waiting for a minute to get my breath, I moved forward, but found it to be only a buffalo. Then a drenching shower came down for about half an hour; after which we calculated that the tusker was two miles ahead, for the footprints were wet for about that distance, while further on, though the

raindrops lay on the leaves, the spoor was dry. We had now got into drier and more elevated country, where the jungle was thick thorn scrub with numerous cacti; the elephant had steadied down into a fast walk, but the track, though less deeply marked, was always plain, and we made very good speed, running or walking fast and working our very best.

About eleven o'clock we came full up on a herd of buffaloes, right across the way. There were twenty or more visible, some lying in a muddy pool, others grazing round it, while from sounds which came from the jungle beyond we knew that there were others which we could not see. Scouting a little, I made out two fine bulls, and a cow with wonderful wide horns; on any other occasion I should most certainly have attacked her, but to-day no pair of horns could induce me to delay. As we showed ourselves the nearest beasts discovered us, and ten or twelve ranged up in line to oppose us, while the others, which were mostly cows, left the water and collected together, watching what should happen. For two or three minutes the squadron confronting us went through the usual performance of startled buffaloes, snorting and stamping and tossing their heads; till, as usual deciding on flight instead of battle, they suddenly turned together and galloped off, accompanied at once by the remainder. For a minute the forest re-echoed with the disturbance, till the sounds died away in distant hoof-beats.

The elephant's track was now obliterated by the foot-marks of the buffaloes; it led along a game-path by which the latter had passed up and down, and which they had crossed and recrossed in every direction. We cast right forward, but failed to pick up the spoor, tried back and round and further round, but still could not find it. We were checked for more than half an hour here, while I cursed and Hena,

easily discouraged, put in the usual plea of your unenthusiastic follower and "wanted to go home to eat rice." Still we tried always our best, going over the difficult ground inch by inch. At last, far forward, we found a doubtful impression, and still further, in some soft mud, were the right traces plain. Doubtless a real tracker would have overcome this difficulty much more quickly, but we were not trackers, and I, for one, felt very proud of our success.

By this time we were both tightening our belts a bit, but we went on steadily, making good progress, and we could still manage a trot when the track allowed it. About two o'clock we crossed the spoor of a herd of elephants where the trampled jungle gave us some difficulty, but the lucky discovery of a splash of blood soon guided us to the right line. On again we went at our best pace, but as time passed I began to tire, feeling hunger perhaps more than thirst, while Hena had frequent recourse to his betel-box and drank copiously of many puddles, which I dared not do. I don't think there was very much more running. The wind dropped as the afternoon wore on, but the sun, drawing gradually round towards our front, was a sufficient guide as to direction, and I felt sure that we were always heading southwest.

Some time after four the track led into that of another herd of elephants, and we took many minutes to work it past the hundred yards of fouled ground, while, to our great disgust, the tusker had rejoined the herd within the next half mile. The elephants had been established here for the day; there were bare forms where the great beasts had cleared away the cane undergrowth to make themselves clean beds for their sleeta; the forest was trampled into smooth paths, littered with small branches and half-chewed twigs; in

places trees had been stripped of their bark, of which long flakes hung from the bleeding trunks, while several of a certain slender species, but thirty or forty feet in height, had been pushed down entirely for the sake of their small fruit.

At this time I think our quarry cannot have been much more than an hour ahead of us, for the various signs of the track seemed fresh, and though he had only once halted, he had long relaxed his pace into an ordinary walk. But the difficulty was to pick out the right one among a dozen trails of beasts similar to ours, trails which ever parted and rejoined and opened out again. In half an hour of vain effort we can hardly have gained a quarter of a mile. Then a clot of blood helped us and we made a little progress, but were again badly checked at a flat outcrop of gneiss rock across and around which the elephants had passed, much scattered. Their tracks mingled and separated most hopelessly; to follow the herd would have been child's play; to detect the single tusker's foot-marks was a task beyond us. But again a still recent blood-drop cheered us, and our spurt in response was soon encouraged by another.

This, however, was the last success. All our careful searching, all our wide casts forward, failed to carry on the line; and as I stopped an instant, despairing of the fruitless labor, the look of the darkening jungle struck me, and the sun coming level through the tree-tops. It was long past five o'clock. I gave up; I had had my opportunity, and was now forced to acknowledge myself beaten.

Where were we? Neither of us knew. We climbed the tallest tree within reach, so far up that we swayed and swung on the slender branches as on a ship's mast. There was no landmark to be seen, only long levels of tree-tops, a distant rocky knoll unknown, and the

low sun touching the horizon. Which was the right way home? We had started north of camp, and I had made out our course all day as being south-west; I therefore voted for the east to gain the coast, but Hena insisted that southeast was the line. He had no English, I but little Cingalese, and though I tried to explain my ideas, yet to all my arguments he pointed to the same point. In the end I yielded; he was a jungle-wallah and he ought to know. We halted for ten minutes, our first rest since starting, and much I, for my part, required it. I was a good deal exhausted by the fast pace and constant stooping over the track; and though the first crisis of hunger was passed, I was parched and racked with thirst. Then we set off as fast as our tired feet would carry us, but in the close jungle our progress was slower than while tracking.

When the sun had quite sunk we reached a stream flowing across our path, which from my knowledge of the coast I knew must fall into one of the lagoons near our camp. I resolved to follow it, as being a sure guide home. The belt of big timber near the water was free from undergrowth and our speed increased, while the more extensive view through the tall trunks gave a chance of seeing game; nor had many minutes passed before a sambur stag came in view, not, however, good enough to fire at. A young buffalo was the next animal, and the last we saw; he was outlined black against some indistinct foliage, his head raised to a branch.

Gradually the night closed in. Suddenly Hena ran in front of me, tearing his hair, waving his arms and using the very finest gesticulations, entreating me to change the direction. "*Oya te pare,*" he said, "*bohoma durai* (the road

of the stream was very long)," there was very great jungle, there were many bears;¹ but now he knew where he was, and the way was "*bohoma hondai, bohoma-langai* (very good and very close);" he was quite sure he was right. Once more I yielded, and off he set in his old direction, I after him as hard as I could go. We ran when possible, diving under boughs, swinging round saplings, shielding our faces with sadly-scratched hands, rushing in the dark against invisible branches, brought up standing by impenetrable thickets. A very little of this was enough for me and we soon slackened speed. After a while Hena sat down and said he was lost. So I must needs take the lead again, with my follower murmuring to himself from fatigue and in fear of the dark forest.

The clearness lingering in the west was still a guide when I could see it, and the stars gave some light in the opener places; I kept to the game-paths as much as possible, even if they led somewhat wrong, but turned always into the first likelier one that offered. At length we came to a succession of glades and a well-beaten game-track that led into a small plain, beyond which, alas, the black wall of jungle rose again. We could not recognize the place at all. Faint and utterly tired out I was forced to sit down, while Hena squatted dejectedly beside me.

Suddenly through the deep stillness I was aware of a faint whisper from the ground, and realized that it was the roar of the sea. On my feet I could hear nothing save the all-pervading, indefinable voice of insects, which, now that I listened, filled the silence; but lying prone we could plainly hear the far-off murmur, and even determine the quarter whence it came, much to the east of our own course. I insisted on

¹ When they wish to dissuade their master from some unpopular plan, such as visiting a too-distant shooting ground, Cingalese *shikaris*

usually dilate on the number and ferocity of the bears, as the most formidable argument and the best deterrent they know of.

tracking this sound of the ocean. Our camp was but a mile from the coast, and a path, miscalled the road, ran past the tents parallel to it. On again therefore we went, stumbling and weary, the native's disconsolate groaning becoming ever louder and more distracting, and I suppressing it every few minutes. The whisper which guided us slowly grew more audible as we advanced, but for long we had to kneel to make sure of its direction.

The fear now seized me that we might cross the narrow path without seeing it in the dark, which might mean several weary miles more to traverse. I gave constant injunctions to Hena to look out for it, till at last he began to mutter unceasingly the words "*maha pare* (high-road)." The phrase got into my head too, and set itself to a tune, which my tired brain kept repeating over and over, my ear ever attentive to the slowly strengthening murmur of the surf.

At last, after ages, as they seemed, of wandering, there was a stretch of black water standing in among the scrub. I splashed into it, saw its gleam under the stars along a straight gap in the trees, and knew it was the path. At my cry of "*Maha pare, maha pare!*" Hena rushed up from behind, fell on his knees in the shallow water, felt the cart-ruts, and believed. Reaching dry ground, we assured ourselves, by the absence of new ruts, that we were south of the camp; this meant that I had judged more correctly than my companion, and he afterwards handsomely admitted the fact. An hour's more walking brought us to the plain a mile from the tents, but we had still to wade a shallow lagoon half a mile broad. This was the last straw which broke the back of my endurance. I could barely drag myself through the stiff mud, which at every step nearly pulled off my ruined shoes; the salt water made my torn shins smart; the phos-

phorescent swirl of a large fish made me jump as if it had been a crocodile. It was past ten when I walked into camp, dropped on to my bed, and rolled off to sleep.

I am told that I revived for dinner, and I have dim recollections of hot soup and of a long tumbler often replenished. My friend has several malicious stories of my eccentricities, and says that all he heard of the day's adventures until next morning was something unintelligible about a high-road. We were out nearly sixteen hours, and, considering our very fast pace during five or six of them, I believe we did not go a yard under forty miles. Never have I seen such easy tracking, or ground so universally soft; never have I travelled on a track at such a speed. And so I slept the sleep of the just on a full stomach, and forgot that I had lost a tusker.

I was very limp and weak the next day, and Hena's feet were so full of thorns that he could not go out. I and our two best men, however, tried to find our way back to the spoor, but failed. We did come upon a herd's traces and followed them for a while, hoping they might be those that foiled our efforts yesterday, but there was a big foot-mark which I had not noticed on that occasion, and from that and other signs we decided they were not the same. We then struck for the brook already mentioned, hoping to find the crossing-place of either the herd or the single tusker, but no elephants had passed it in so much of its course as we followed, and by two o'clock, as I was tiring rapidly, we took a cast for home. There were no tracks of yesterday, but at last we came on a new one, brand-new—just the size of the tusker's! It was a moment of thrilling excitement, but in my heart I knew it was another beast; a wounded elephant rarely halts so soon or feeds so leisurely. We were soon up with him, but he showed no ivory and we left him unmolested.

"*Maftsch* (it was finished);" the tusker had escaped.

Has this history conveyed anything to its readers? To the sportsman perhaps it has; and if it shows to anyone who does not shoot that there is something to enjoy in the chase of big game beyond the actual killing of the animal, it will not, as they say in prefaces, have been written in vain. But it cannot really set before you, as I would wish it, the charm of the free, wild jungle, untrammelled by the march-dykes, gamekeepers, or any disadvantages of civilization; the broad lake-like plain whose green shores of forest bend irregularly into bay and point and island, to which all the game repairs at dusk, to feed, to loiter and to play themselves, as the Scotch say; the quiet river set in huge trees whose foliage dips to the clear current sliding gently beneath steep earthen banks, to divide anon into shallow pools and rivulets, losing themselves among the sandbanks, or to lap round the gaunt forest-giants lying across the channel, whose limbs are cumbered with the bleached dry wrack of past floods. And the forest along the banks, where sometimes between gloomy aisles of the great trunks the view extends to several hundred yards, and elsewhere contracts to ten or twenty yards, where tangles of enormous creepers climb the trees, covering and strangling them and forming cavernous hollows never sunlit, most forbidding, whose damp bare floors bear the frequent impress of the leopard's pug.

And the glorious moonlight nights, when the air is crisp and the dew falls like rain, and the chital deer come down to feed, their clear note sounding backwards and forwards as they call to each other. Then, when you leave the hidden camp to stroll along the plain, the complete silence overwhelms you, until the distant trumpeting of elephants

comes faintly to your ear and the slow splashing of some heavy animal through the still lagoon. No movement is there, hardly a sound; there may be the occasional cry of some night-bird, the monotonous voice of a frog, perhaps a faint stirring of the reeds bent by some slowly passing breath of air.

And the fascinating live things! The troops of monkeys and screaming hornbills in the river-timber; the crocodile basking on a sandbank, the brilliant kingfisher studying him from a perch close by; the herons, cranes, and innumerable water-birds ranged along the mud-flats of the lagoons; the wild fowl fighting in the evening or sailing in companies upon the tanks by day. The bright-eyed mongoose raises himself in the grass to peer at you; the large gray squirrel flattens himself against his branch at your approach; you see a herd of pigs routing among the underbrush, or returning, last of all the beasts, from the plain at sunrise. You do not wish to fire at everything; it is far more interesting to watch the unconscious game. I have seen elephants, a buffalo, deer, pigs and peafowl, all feeding unconcernedly together; I have stalked up to a herd of buffalo, tried to sketch them (with most unworthy results) and crept away unobserved; and best of all, I have watched for an hour, at a hundred yards' distance, a herd of twenty elephants feeding in the open, under the full, perfect moonlight of the tropics. All is interesting; even the hot scrub-jungle through which we followed that tusker, has its charm of vastness, unmapped, pathless, unexplored; it was always pleasant to wander silently and watchfully about, hoping to find a track or an animal in any glade or round any corner.

I have had the luck to know a little of many jungles, and they are all delightful; from the muddy fastnesses of the Sunderbunds and its mysterious waterways arched in with palms, to the

glowing autumn pinewoods of the Himalayas; from the vast grass coverts of the Terai to rocky bamboo-clad hills and upland teak-forests, black, burned and leafless in the Central Indian summer. But for Ceylon I keep an extra warm corner in my heart, poor though its trophies mostly are. There first I shot big game; there first I saw the

Macmillan's Magazine.

jungle, and drank in and made my own its spirit. Sad would I be to think that spirit could ever leave me, or that I am never again to follow through the forest some one or other of its greater denizens, and to be there, more truly than it is possible elsewhere, my own master, owing allegiance to no man.

A. D. G—G.

KATHALEEN NY-HOULAHAN.

O Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan, your face is like a star,
Your face has led me to your feet o'er wastes and waters far;
Your face has made a day for me where only twilights are,
O Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan, my star!

O Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan, why loved I aught but you?
I took a woman to my wife, and kind she was and true,
But your gray eyes shone out on me within her eyes of blue,
And, Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan, my soul went after you.

O Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan, it's old I am and gray,
I see the dead leaves blown about the closing of my day:
The dead leaves, the red leaves are rotting in my way,
O Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan, to-day.

O Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan, my Elly's grave is green,
And I've grown old a-seeking your face through tears and
 teen;
I'll turn my feet from this straight path, where your white
 feet have been
And turned the dry ferns young again and green.

I'll turn my feet from every path but one—the churchyard
 way;
I'll shut my eyes to every star, and sleep my fill till day;
'Tis Elly will awake me, and you it is will say
"Rise up, play up, old piper, 'tis the dawning of the day."
Black and White.

Nora Hopper.

THE TREASURE: A HOME TALE.*

BY HEINRICH SEIDEL.

VI.

THE NEW LORD OF THE ESTATE.

The following summer there was a wedding at Castle Richenberg. Wigand had decided to give up his position as engineer and take to farming. He was a member, as has already been stated, of a farming family and was by no means without experience in the business, having drawn in with his mother's milk much knowledge which others had to acquire painfully. To complete his education he had during the past year served as a volunteer on a large estate. He thought it a glorious task to devote his entire talent to the improvement of his future wife's property, neglected and loaded down with debt as it was. For this purpose he was able to utilize a little capital of his own, and although he recognized the fact that this bore a small proportion to the size of the property, where all things needed must be provided anew, his courage did not fail him, feeling as he did that diligence, economy and a moderate amount of knowledge were auxiliaries not to be despised. There are people possessed of nothing save what is contained in their purses, and others whose capital lies in heart and head.

The wedding was characterized by much simplicity, a simplicity that did not accord with the taste of the other inhabitants of Richenberg.

"He doesn't belong to the nobility," said people. In the village inn the schoolmaster had already confided to a

circle of his intimates: "The upper class calls such a marriage a *mesaljangz*, (*mésalliance*) and such things never turn out well."

"Yes," said Landlord Lange, "every pot ought to have its own cover, that's the true way."

The two pretty peasant girls were of course on hand, when the bridal procession went across the churchyard.

"Don't you remember, last year?" said the one, "how he passed by us and looked so at you?"

"O, you rogue, it was you he was looking at!"

"Well, who would have thought it!"

"But they do go together, even if he isn't a lord. A fine pair."

"And isn't our young lady as beautiful as an angel?"

"And just look at her veil, as fine as a cobweb."

"But how strange it is to see the flowers she carries. Just nothing but forget-me-nots. They grow in every ditch. And Bevernest has such beautiful camellias in his greenhouse."

"Yes, and your bridegroom has only some old ditch flowers in his button-hole."

"Lord preserve us, lass, it's raining. It is falling on the bride's head. That's a sign of good luck."

Without attracting notice a cloud had gathered in the clear summer sky, and just before the bridal pair entered the church it discharged a brief pelting shower, the sun shining brightly the while. The people crowded in and the churchyard was emptied, while it kept on raining a short time and the steps took on a darker color; the only spots remaining bright and dry being those

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protected by the trees and bushes. From the church issued the sound of singing and the notes of the organ, latter on the resonant voice of the pastor. The rain drops died away, and from the bough of a weeping ash, glistening as it might be from tears, an arbor bird poured forth his joyous song, directly above the grave of Herr von Rephun, the last of his race.

Things in the church had quieted down. Then once more the organ and the singing burst forth, and after a while the people poured out again. Meantime nearly every trace of the rain had disappeared, the sky was of a uniform blue and the steps lay bright in the sunshine; only here and there was a glittering drop to be seen on the freshened leaves.

* * * * *

Labor and weariness and care in full were the lot of the young husband, yet he endured them joyously and buoyantly, easily forgetting his troubles when he gazed in the beaming eyes of his young wife. At his instance the old inspector had some time since been discharged, and in his place he had obtained another, whom he had learned from a reliable source to be extremely capable.

"Well, Herr Wigand," said this man to him, "I have now been over the whole thing, and I can only say that we have got to put Moses and the prophets on the jump if we are to accomplish anything within a reasonable time. The way this place has been neglected is a perfect shame. And such a fine soil. Twenty times as good a crop could be raised here if it had been properly cultivated. And then the buildings; they only remain standing because they don't know which side to tumble over on. Have you ever in your life seen such farming implements, Herr Wigand? I never did. Not even when I went to see Karl Pütjer in Kägeln, who was known to be the slackest man in the

whole country round. There are ploughs there the like of which you can't find anywhere, and harrows that have as few teeth as Mother Schultsch in Grambow, when she was eighty years old. And then the machines. They could not be matched in the country three miles back of Timbuctoo. And when I think about the cattle it is enough to make an angel weep. The sheep have not had a strain of fresh blood in them for thirty years past, and what grows on them is no wool, nothing but moss. Besides which there are not half enough for the place. About the cows I will say nothing, I simply cannot express myself. The people here have not the faintest idea about proper pasturage and fodder. On this place, according to my idea, you cannot do with less than thirty-two horses, and how many are there, scarce five! And what a worthless lot. When I was learning the business there was hanging in the inspector's room a picture of a horse that was supposed to have every disease the devil had ever conjured up. One would think there was a collection of just such creatures here. And the people are just like the cattle. The scamps are all right at swilling spirits and stealing wood, but are no good as far as work is concerned, and the huts they live in are pigpens. Yes, it will take us years to get under way, Herr Wigand, and as I said, Moses and the prophets will have to take hold. There's no use piping when there's nobody to play the organ."

Wigand now spent days over his calculations and his papers; held long consultations with his inspector, and thus began to see daylight in the matter. "I agree with you in one thing," said the inspector one day, "and that is that we try to get along with the main buildings as they are. If we patch up the roofs and put in, here and there, a few new props and beams, they may yet take a couple of years to make up their

minds whether they will fall to the right or the left, or simply go to pieces standing. But new horses we must get, for in this heavy soil we can do nothing with the scarecrows we have in the stable. And then of course we must take an account of stock, and get new implements, and gradually acquire new cattle, so as to make the most of our fields. And the few cottages now empty must be built over, so that decent people can live in them and that we may get some newcomers. As long as you tell me you have so small a capital at your disposal, Herr Wigand, it is evident we shall have to take hold very gradually. And then I think, when we have got through the rest of it, we had better begin with the drainage, so as to get the bad and wet places out of the fields. You'll see how soon you will profit by this. And then I think, in about five years or so, we can launch out a little more, and see after our provender. Yes, if we only had from two to three hundred thousand marks on hand the thing would be different, but with only fifty thousand we cannot go ahead very far."

One who understands the complicated machinery involved in the management of a large place can fully realize the importance of having all the different wheels interlock with one another, and is therefore able to form an idea of how much there was to be done and contrived in regard to this estate during the next few years. For it will not do to stop when you have counted one, you have got to reckon along to two and three. Of how much avail are the most capable horses, when there is no provender and no straw for them. And of how much use is the best and most careful arrangement of the soil, when a deficiency of cattle leads to a want of manure, the indispensable adjunct of husbandry. This last expression, "adjunct of husbandry," which Wigand had found in a book and once employed

in conversation, had given great delight to the excellent inspector, Elckhorst, and ever afterwards when he talked with his employer he had always alluded to this important material as the "adjunct." It was further his wont to call the barren places in the fields, where nothing would grow, an oasis, being, as they were, the reverse of an oasis. When riding about the place with his employer he would often point to such a patch, and then utter the following enigmatical sentence: "Yes, if this oasis had a little more adjunct, something might grow on it." But on the whole he grew enthusiastic over his work, seeing as he did that his young master was a good man to deal with. With his customary frankness he one day said to him: "I may as well tell you, Herr Wigand, that at first I was not anxious to come here. For I knew that the place had gone to the dogs. And then it's rather hard to get along with a young gentleman who has not served an apprenticeship to farming. But you take hold of it remarkably. It must run in your blood I am thinking. For once your father at Pögelow—*à la bonne heure!* And your uncle, old Wigand at Rogentin, he is known all over the country. Folks say of him that when he snuffs up the smell of the morning across his garden fence, he knows what is going on all over the place. What wheat I saw there last year! Well, he advised me to come here. And I say to you frankly, Herr Wigand, if we don't have a run of bad luck, in ten years' time things will look differently. Then you'll see what our corn will be, and what fine electoral wool we shall have to dispose of. And our butter will fetch the highest price in Hamburg."

But even a single year later the Richenberg farm had come to be in a very different condition. The bad places in the old moss-grown granary roofs had been repaired, and in all directions

bright, fresh spots were to be seen on a dark background. Doors, gates and beams were painted a cheerful reddish brown, and the walls were freshly whitewashed, so that they shone far and wide in the sun. In the broad and spacious farmyard everything had been levelled off and well ordered, and things were to be found in their proper places. Two new pieces of machinery were there, with sheds over them, the one connected with the new butter-making apparatus, the other to be used in threshing. Their woodwork was colored a beautiful silver gray and the metal portions a brilliant green. The milk cans stood in rows on a neat framework in front of the milk-house, as the people in that part of the country call the dairy. The woodwork was scoured white as snow and the metal hoops were bright enough to be compared to polished silver. Instead of curses, yawns and the shuffling step of indolence there was now to be heard on this farm the quick and light tread of diligence, and singing and whistling once more accompanied the work.

Everything that could be accomplished in so short a time had been done in the fields. Of course this was not much, but they no longer presented to a farmer's eye the same heartbreaking appearance that they had the year before. Herr Eickhorst was satisfied with the result of his labors. "It has taken pains enough," he said, "and an infernal lot of work. And all this time I don't know how often I have thought over what the old Prorektor Rein at school told us about Hercules. For this place was a regular stable of Augeas, as far as all the old disorder and idleness was concerned. But after all it was a pity that Hercules washed away Augeas' chief treasure, the manure, for it would have done us lots of good here."

In the park, the garden and their own dwelling Wigand left everything as it

was. He postponed alterations to a future time, "When we shall have a chance to spread ourselves a little," as he styled it. The park grew quietly wilder and wilder, and old Bevernest had his accustomed way with the garden. He was better able to work now, inasmuch as he had recently experienced a considerable change for the better in his rheumatism. The physician had advised that he take the Russian steam baths, and with great difficulty the old man was induced to try a method to which he was so averse. It was only the positive order of his master that finally determined him. "I don't like getting into the doctors' hands," he said. "Sometimes they drive a thing out and sometimes they drive it in. When Jochen Regel was taken down with chills and fever, or *mallöhrja* (malaria) as the doctors call it, the doctor gave him so bitter a medicine that Jochen Regel said he had rather swallow a hedgehog with all his prickles than take it again. It is true the fever went away, but ever since that time he has a misery in his joints. No, I would rather go to Krögerach in Pampow, he does it all with sympathy. Sure enough he has not helped me, but then he has not hurt me."

The real truth of the matter was that he was afraid of bathing. "Water," he said, "is all very well to float boats and drive mills, and is good too for cooking, for wetting down oleanders; it comes in too when a man is awfully thirsty and can't get anything else to drink. But to have it put on my body is more than I can stand."

But it was all of no use; early one morning he was ruthlessly packed on the milk cart which went into town every day, and with gloomy anticipations went to meet his fate. It had been arranged to board him in the family of a gardener whom he knew, and the doctor, who well knew his patient, had tipped the wink to the proprietor of the

bath, for he feared resistance and an attempt at flight.

The next day Wigand had business in town, and he took advantage of the opportunity to hunt up his old servant. He found him much depressed.

"Hell itself could not be a worse place," he said, "than this infernal bath house."

"Well, tell us how things went, Bevernest," said Wigand.

"How they went?" answered the old man, "the thing was frightful. I thought, from what I had been told, that they would put me in a tub with plenty of nice warm water, and that I could be smoking my pipe. And when I come in I find a lot of little rooms with open doors, but without tubs. Then they told me to take off my clothes, and I take them off. And now when I asked where my tub was, they just shoved me in through a door, and the place was so hot and full of steam that I thought I should choke. And then there came along two half naked chaps and took hold of me. And I roared: 'Let me out, I want to get into the tub,' for I really did want to get into the tub. But the fellows had no pity and no mercy on me, and brought me up to a big tank and chucked me in just as if I had been a piece of wood. And there they ducked me and poured hot water over me, as though I were clothes for the wash. And I kept roaring: 'Let me into the tub,' for I did want to get into the tub. But the fellows only laughed, just as I fancy the devils laugh when they are mangling a poor soul, and then they behaved worse than ever. For one of them held me tight and the other beat me with switches, just as if I were a naughty boy, and hardest of all on the side where the old rheumatism hurt me most. And I roared and begged to be let off, but it was no use. For now they came with scrubbing brushes and scrubbed me as if I were a copper kettle, till I was as

red as a lobster. And at last they let me go and told me to get up, and took me to another place, and told me to stand up and walk, for it was all over. But this was all humbug and a lie, for now came the worst. For all of a sudden, a wet cold hand seemed to come down on me, and they played ice-cold water on me, so that I lost my breath, and I felt as though I were going to have a stroke. And then they put a big sheet round me, and rubbed away till my skin seemed all coming off in little rolls, and I felt that I should never come out alive. But, the Lord be praised, it was all over now, and I could put on my clothes again. O, Herr Wigand, do for goodness' sake take me back with you."

"Well," said the latter, "how is it with your rheumatism?"

"Yes, I may as well tell the truth," replied the old man in a crest-fallen tone, "the old rheumatism is a good deal better."

"There, you see!" said Wigand. "Now you just stay here quietly, as long as the doctor wants you to, for I may as well tell you, I am bound to have you and so is my wife. See?"

"Well, if my good master and mistress order it, I suppose I'll have to give in. But if I come back to Richenberg in a black coffin instead of on the milk cart, no one must blame me."

Yet in spite of all this, after a time, he came back one day on the milk cart, just before noon, in good spirits and with the free use of his limbs, and a little more reconciled to the Russian vapor bath, as far as the remembrance of his insults and injuries would allow.

"The fact is," he said, "the fellow who invented this cure was about as tender towards human nature and the human body as a lion or an hyena would have been, but I own that it is great for rheumatism. If it were only the thing for a man as old as I am, I should like to

go to the next ball and see what I could do in the way of a schottische, for when I was a young man I was at the head of the dancers."

And once when his younger gardener, Willem Poppendiek, had such a toothache that he fairly howled with pain, he said: "What's the use of making such a row about a little toothache, Willem, just try a Russian vapor bath and that will give you something to howl for."

Meanwhile the years rolled quietly along, bringing with them work and activity, occasional intercourse with a few neighboring families, close friendship with that of the pastor, whose constant geniality was always most refreshing and who was ever ready with advice and assistance. Wigand thoroughly enjoyed his new position. The

life of a large farming proprietor is by no means monotonous, as many suppose who do not look into the thing closely, but filled with constant variety, and each day brings something that is new and oftentimes unexpected. Plans have to be laid for the distant future, and each emergency has to be promptly encountered. For our good friends, the sun, wind and weather are often capricious, and it requires time and study to learn the art of thoroughly utilizing the labors of a good many men and horses. It is a calling that, rightly exercised, demands the full powers of a thorough and capable man, who must be something of a general as well. It by no means consists, as many imagine, in good living, good drinking and driving round.

(To be continued.)

THE HOLIDAY.

He gave his eyes to the skies of blue,
His ears to the birds and bees;
And he gave his heart to the winds that flew
Away over empty seas;

And he saw the depths that he could not sound,
And he heard the unworldly songs;
And his heart, unfettered, fled past the bound
Of a tired life's rights and wrongs;

And he neither wrought nor played nor slept,
Nor troubled with good and ill;
And his dreams were vague as the scents that swept
And sweetened the lonely hill.

And there from morning till eve he lay,
And never a joy he sought.
But he came home glad at the close o' the day,
Because he had lived for nought.

Chambers's Journal.

J. J. Bell.

"THE OLD MUSIC AND THE NEW."

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 Coming out, the other day, from a concert at which Tschalkowsky's "Hamlet" Overture had been followed by Brahms's First Symphony, and happening to meet a musician of the scholastic order of mind, I thought it an opportune moment to say something that would stir up his prejudices. I accordingly remarked, with much urbanity, that the Brahms sounded very tame after the Tschalkowsky—that it impressed one, in fact, rather like a cup of thin cold tea after a decanter of good wine. My friend disputed the accuracy of the similes, ridiculed in turn Tschalkowsky's dependence upon a "program" for his music, and asked me, triumphantly, whether I didn't think a place ought to be kept open in modern music for what he termed the epic spirit. I rejoined that I had no objection to the epic spirit *quod* epic spirit; what I objected to was the sham epic spirit, the putting a bellows to the mouth of a dead dog and imagining you had brought it to life again when you had only puffed it out with borrowed air; and I asked him whether it was not better for a musician to say what he had to say in a form suited to his thought, instead of distorting at once his thought and his form in the attempt to carry on a dead tradition. My friend's answer was that we could quarrel more comfortably over the matter the next time we met. I have, however, no hope of converting him to my view of the case; and if I say that I am quite certain he will not convert me to him, it is because I fancy I can see the psychological origins of his preferences and so understand them, while, by his very structure as a writer of

music of the "absolute" order, he cannot exactly see and feel with the musician of "program" tendencies. And since the contest between the two schools is now more strenuous than it has ever been before, and as one of the services of the critic is to give an art room to grow by clearing away dead traditions from around it, some good may be done to the creative musician as well as to the ordinary concert-goer by a review of the field of dispute between the two antagonists.

Though it does not need quite so much courage to defend program-music¹ now as it did in previous days, some of its advocates are still under the necessity of apologizing for their existence. The hostile attitude of twenty years ago towards this form of music is fairly represented by that monument of British musical respectability, Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians;" while some recent discussions of the subject show that the modern critics, though somewhat lukewarm in their pleading, perceive that "within certain limits," as they carefully put it, program-music is a quite legitimate mode of art. The most significant feature of the problem, however, is the way in which the practical musicians have dealt with it. Whereas most of the older instrumental music of any value was absolute music, most of the later instrumental music of any value is program-music; and the momentum of the latter order seems to be increasing every year. It will not do to pooh-pooh a phenomenon of this kind, nor to seek to fasten upon it the explanation that some of the new men write music depending upon literary or

¹ We shall have to continue to use this term, in spite of all its disadvantages of alternately meaning too little and too much, until we can

find a better one. "Poetic music," "Symbolic music," and other terms have been suggested, but none is quite satisfactory.

other subjects because that is easier than to write music not dependent on these subjects. This is like saying that Milton pusillanimously wrote epics because he could not write dramas—which is a true saying, but quite irrelevant. The point is, why should Milton, with a gift for good epic, force himself to write bad dramas? And why should the man whose musical ideas spring from quite another outlook upon life than that of the absolute musician, neglect his own native form of speech in order to mouth and maul unintelligently the type of phrase of another musician whose mental world is wholly foreign to him? In any case, while the respectable critics have been warning young composers against falling into the toils of program-music, and recommending them to keep to the lines of form as they have been laid down by Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, the great musicians themselves have been flinging program-music right and left to the world. One has only to take up a catalogue of the Russian, French, German, Belgian, American or even English music published during the last twenty years to see how enormously this form of art has grown, and how the really big men all display a marked liking for it. Under these circumstances, one is justified in turning boldly on the pedagogic professors who ruled the critical world up to quite lately. We no longer offer apologies for daring to write program-music; we rather invite the professors to show some *à priori* reason why a form of art so popular alike with musicians and public should be placed under such a dreadful ban.

Of course, they cannot reply now as they did in the past, by mumbling, with their critically toothless gums, that we cannot do better than follow the lines of Beethoven and the classical symphonists; nor can they point to the warning example of Berlioz, for the

modern programists do not write their sympathetic poems after the manner of Berlioz. The professors content themselves now with saying that program-music *may* be justified, provided it does not aim at too great a realism in description, and provided it is so conceived and so handled that it will sound equally well *as music*, whether we know the "program" or not. And as this seems to many people like a fair compromise, and as program-musicians have been ill-treated so long that some of them are positively thrilled with gratitude now for not being kicked, there is a tendency to accept this quasi-solution of the problem as something like the final one. The programist is willing to admit that a number of themes, no matter how agreeable, do not constitute symphonic music unless they have some emotional connection and some development; while the absolutist graciously allows that a concrete subject may be the basis of a symphony, if only the music is of such a kind that it will appeal to the hearer just as much, although he may not know the subject.

It is precisely against this compromise that I think we ought to protest, for it seems to me to be based on a complete misunderstanding of the natures of absolute and of program music. Not only does it fail to perceive the difference in intellectual origin between a phrase such as that which opens the finale of the "Jupiter" symphony, and such an one as that which symbolizes Mazeppa in Liszt's symphonic poem of that name; but it overlooks the fact that along with this difference in the thing expressed there must necessarily go a difference in the manner of expressing it. It is impossible to subscribe to the insidious compromise that program-music ought to "speak for itself," without a knowledge of the program being necessary. We not only need the program—or, to speak more accurately,

the statement of the literary or pictorial subject of the composition—but this is at once answerable for half our pleasure and a justification of certain peculiarities of form which the music may now safely assume. The late Sidney Lanier, a critic of unusual sanity and freshness of vision, contended that so far from being a late and excrement growth, program-music is "the very earliest, most familiar and most spontaneous form of musical composition." We may not go quite so far as this, for it seems to me that it is impossible to date either kind of music first in order of time. Just as one man placed straight and curved lines in such relations that they pleased the eye by their mere formal harmony, while another placed them in such relations that they suggested some aspect of man or nature, so early music sprang with one musician from the mere pleasure in the formal successions and combinations of sound, with another from the desire to convey in tones a suggestion of the emotions kindled in him by his intercourse and his struggles with his fellow-men and with the world. Lanier's statement is evidently a slight exaggeration; but I think he has impregnable reason with him when he goes on to ask, "What is any song but program-music developed to its furthest extent? A song is . . . a double performance; a certain instrument—the human voice—produces a number of tones, none of which have any intellectual value in themselves; but simultaneously with the production of the tones words are uttered, each in a physical association with a tone, so as to produce upon the hearer at once the effects of conventional and of unconventional sounds. . . . Certainly, if program-music is absurd, all songs are nonsense." This, I think, is the key to the problem. Let us look at it a little more closely.

Any one who takes the trouble to analyze the phrases of an ordinary sym-

phony and those of a modern song will perceive a broad difference between the kinds of ideas evoked by them. It is not contended, of course, that *all* symphonic phrases are of one order of expression and *all* vocal phrases of the other; for almost every classical symphony has themes that seem to speak of something else than absolute music, while thousands of songs would be quite coherent and self-sufficing if played merely as piano-pieces. But a broad distinction may still be established between the "subjects" of the true classical symphony and the phrases of the modern song or opera. As Wagner has pointed out, the essence of the old symphony or sonata was "the susciting of pleasure in beautiful forms." A succession of notes, pleasing in itself but not having specific reference to actual life—not attempting, that is, to get at very close quarters with strong emotional or dramatic expression, but influencing and affecting us by reason of its purely formal relations and by the purely physical pleasure inherent in it as sound,—was stated, varied, worked out and combined with other themes of the same order. Take a thousand of these themes—from Haydn, Mozart and the early Beethoven, for example—and while they affect you musically you will yet be unable to say that they have taken their rise from any *particular* emotion, or that they embody any special reflection upon life. It is the peculiarity of music that while on the one hand it may speak almost as definitely as poetry, and refer to things that are cognized intellectually, as in poetry, on the other hand it may make an impression on us, purely as sound, to which the words of poetry, purely as words, can offer no parallel effect. A verse of Tennyson with the words so transposed as to have no intellectual meaning would make no impression when read aloud; no pleasure, that is, would be obtainable merely from the sound of

the words themselves. But play the diatonic scale on the piano, or strike a chord here and there, and though the thing means nothing, the ear is bound to take pleasure in it. Musical sound gives us pleasure in and by and for itself, independently of our finding even the remotest mental connection in it. This connection may be great, or small, or non-existent; and the greater it is, of course, the more complicated becomes our pleasure; but it is not essential to our taking physiological delight in music considered purely as sound. Now it is quite possible to construct a lengthy piece of music that shall have absolutely no emotional expression, in the sense of suggesting a reference to human experience—that shall be purely and simply a succession and combination of pleasurable sounds. In the nature of the case, it is clear that not much of the actual music that is written could be of this order throughout. Emotion of some quality and degree is sure to intrude itself here and there into even the most "mathematical" music; but it is quite unquestionable that while some music is alive with suggestions of human interest, of actual man and life, there is an enormous quantity of very pleasant music from which the interest of actuality is wholly absent, that reaches us through physiological rather than through psychological channels.

Compare with music of this kind the phrases of a highly expressive modern song, or of such a piece as Wagner's "Faust Overture," or of one of Liszt's or César Franck's symphonic poems. Here the inspiration comes direct either from some aspect of external nature or from some actual human experience; and the musical phrase becomes correspondingly modified. While there still remain (1) the physiological pleasure in the theme as sound, and (2) the formal pleasure in the structure, balance and development of the theme, there is now

superadded a third element of interest—the recognition of the veracity of the theme, its appropriateness as an expression of some positive, definite emotion, some actual experience of men. And music with a content of this kind, it is important to note, can depart widely from the manner of expression and development of absolute music, and still be interesting. The proof of this is to be had in recitative. Here there is a very wide departure from the more formal music in every quality—melodic, rhythmic and harmonic. Attempt to play an ordinary piece of recitative as pure music, without the voice and without a knowledge of the words, and its divergence from music of the self-sufficing order becomes obvious. The justification of recitative is to be sought not in its compliance with the laws that govern pure non-dramatic instrumental music, but in its congruence with a definite literary idea that is seeking expression through the medium of tone; and our tolerance of it and appreciation of it are due to this supplementing of the somewhat inferior physiological pleasure by the superior pleasure given by the sense of dramatic truth and fitness. So again in the song. Let any one try to imagine what the ending of Schubert's "Erl-King" would suggest to him if he were totally ignorant of the words or the subject of the song, and he will realize how the literary element at once modifies and supports music of this kind. As a piece of absolute music, the final phrase of the "Erl-King" means nothing at all; it only acquires significance when taken in conjunction with the words; and the justification of its relinquishment of the mode of expression of pure self-sufficing music is precisely its congruence with the literary idea. To go a step further, the phrases typical of Mazeppa in Liszt's Symphonic Poem, both in themselves and in their development, would simply puzzle us if we met with them in a

symphony pure and simple; they only become such marvels of poignant and veracious expression when associated in the mind with Mazeppa. And, to go still further, and to show not from the structure of a theme but from the treatment of it the change that may be induced by a "program," I may instance the repetitions in the last movement of Tchaikowsky's "Pathetic" Symphony, which, though unwarrantable in a symphony of the older pattern, seem to many of us surcharged with very direct psychological significance. Right through, from recitative to the Symphonic Poem or the program-symphony, we see that the fusion of the literary or pictorial with the musical interest necessarily leads to a modification of the musical theme and the musical development. You could not, if you would, express the story of Mazeppa in such phrases as those of the "Jupiter" Symphony; you could not, if you would, handle and develop the themes of the "Mazeppa" in the style of those of the "Jupiter." So that, while we thus have an *à priori* justification of the program-phrase, we begin to understand the difficulties that attend program-development, and some reasons for its many failures in the past. Much of the work that had been done by the older men in consolidating and elaborating the form of the symphony was found to be of little help to the new school. A new type of phrase had to be evolved, and with it a new method of development.

No one, I think, will dispute the broad truth of the principles here laid down. That absolute music *per se* and vocal or program music *per se* have marked psychological differences between them, and that, while the older bent was towards the one, the modern men show a marked preference for the other—these are fairly obvious facts. Hence the necessity of urging it upon the classicists that it will not do to apply the formal rules of the old music to the

new *en bloc*, as if they were equally valid in both *genres*. If the modern men reject the classical forms, and try to produce new ones of their own, it can only be because their ideas are not the classical ideas, and must find the investiture most natural and most propitious to them. The plain fact is that the older men could not have written our modern program-music if they had tried. When Wagner rejected the current opera-form, and strove to attain congruence of the poetical and the musical scheme at all points of his work, the pedants told him that he quarrelled with the long-sanctioned form because he could not write it. They did not perceive that it would have been much easier for him, as a musician, to employ the old form than to evolve a consistent new one; and that he aimed at a new structure simply because he had something quite new to say. Similarly, when the pedants lay it down that the programists choose the program form because it is an easier one to work in than the absolute form, they fail to see that a man of very mediocre talent can put together a very decent symphony on the old lines, provided he have sufficient musical training, whereas none but an original mind can get veracity of expression in the song or the symphonic poem, where his work will be tested by the standard of the literary utterance or the literary idea with which he is dealing.

As a matter of fact, symbolic music is as appropriate and as natural to the ideas and the material of to-day as absolute music was to the ideas and material of the last century. Here and there one may meet, in the older music, with passages that seem to be anticipations of the later style, that have the mark of being born of a more definite state of mind than that which prompted the ordinary "classical" music. But, on the whole, symbolic or program-music was relatively infrequent in the eighteenth

century. The older musicians could not, if they had tried, have written the modern symphonic poem or ballad; and this for several reasons. In the first place, they were pretty fully occupied with making music the language it now is; they had to form a vocabulary and learn the art of combining the elements of it; and the last thing they could have done was to leave the safe and formal lines of their own art—safe because they were precise and formal—and plunge into a mode of expression that would have seemed to them to offer no coherence, no guiding principle. In the second place, they lacked one of the main stimuli in the development of modern program-music, the suggestions of a vivid, living, modern, highly emotional and picturesque poetry. A Schumann, a Brahms, a Franz could not have written such songs as they have done in any century but this; for the mainspring of their songs has been the emotional possibilities contained in the words. It was only when composers really felt an artistic interest in the words they were setting, instead of regarding them as merely a frame for impersonal embroidery, that they attained veracity and directness of phrase. You cannot do much more with words like those of the older song or opera than set them with a view to their purely musical rather than their musico-poetical possibilities; and if you persist, out of deference to a foolish tradition, in setting to music the words of a foreign and relatively unfamiliar language, you will perforce become more and more conventional in your phrases and in your general structure. It was the peculiar advantage of the modern German song-writers that they could set lyrics of their own language, alive with every suggestion that could lend itself to musical treatment. The emotion was intense, the form concentrated and direct, the idea definite and compressed; and the musicians, having by this time

a fully-developed language for their use, set themselves to reproduce these qualities of the poem in their music. Hence the new spirit that came into music with the Romantic movement, and that reacted on opera, on piano-music, and on the symphonic form. The characteristic of the new style was—to revert to Wagner's phrase—the fertilization of music by poetry. The movement was, however, much wider and deeper than Wagner imagined. He looked askance at the literary development in music as soon as it passed beyond the bounds of his own peculiar province, though he was condescending enough to say a good word now and again for papa Liszt's work, from which he had learned more perhaps than is generally supposed. The new movement could not, as Wagner fondly supposed, be restricted solely to music-drama. Having discovered the art of writing expressive symbolic phrases to actual words, composers inevitably continued the progress still further, and learned to write expressive symbolic music, not to words, but to well-known literary subjects. Wagner himself showed how this could be done, in his "Faust Overture," one of the finest examples of pure program-music ever written; and while he wisely quitted this field for that of music-drama, in which his peculiar powers had wider scope, other men, with less of his dramatic gift, have cultivated the program-form, pure and simple, with unquestionable success.

In the third place, the attachment of the older men to the absolute form, and the dissatisfaction of the modern men with it, may reasonably be attributed to a difference in education and in general mental calibre. So far as we can make out, none of the older musicians had a brain that would attract attention in any other department than music. I am not contending that the mental faculties are interchangeable, and that the

brain of a musician could, by training, be turned into that of a poet, an economist, or a biologist. Neither Mozart, nor Beethoven, nor Wagner, nor Tschalkowsky could ever have made a reputation in any other field than music. The point I am emphasizing is that between the old school and the new there is a marked difference in the intellectual life generally. With the possible exception of Gluck, one cannot imagine any great musician of the eighteenth century being able to maintain an interesting conversation with the great poets or thinkers of their day. Handel might have been able to save himself by sheer energy of temperament; but one cannot think of Bach, Haydn or Mozart in the same room as Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Montesquieu, Beaumarchais, Herder, Lessing, or Mendelssohn, without realizing the general intellectual disparity between the two groups of men. Attempts have been made to depict Beethoven as a profound thinker, but they have been woefully unsuccessful. It is, indeed, probable that the enormous musical power of these men, and the centuries of progress through which they rushed music in comparatively a few years, was due to their being nothing else but musicians, to the concentration of all their faculties, all their experiences, upon the problem of making sound a complete, living, flexible medium of expression. But the later musicians were of another order. One fact alone—the rise of the critic who was also a composer—is significant of the change that had come over the musical world. There arose a type of musician who did more than spin music out of a given number of tones, with an occasional attempt to express in sound what was a comparative rarity with the older men—an actual experience. The new musicians took an interest in a score of things besides music. They may not have added much to our knowledge of speculative or

practical subjects, but that is immaterial. The point is that they took an interest in these other things; and it all went to deepen and color their emotions, and, of course, their music. Berlioz, Schumann, Wagner, Liszt, Tschalkowsky, were men of much more varied and intellectual life than any of their predecessors. Schumann and Tschalkowsky were admirable critics; Wagner mixed himself up—in more senses than one—with every possible and impossible subject under the sun; Berlioz found stimuli in the romantic literature of all the centuries; Liszt showed a remarkable sensitiveness to every imaginable influence, poetical, pictorial, historical. Moreover, the society in which these men moved, and, more important still, the terms upon which they existed there—so different from the terms upon which the eighteenth century musician was allowed in intellectual and wealthy society—could not fail to quicken their fibres, to fertilize their emotions and ideas, to give them visions and intuitions of things as yet unsaid in music. Even the superior opportunities they had for sin were of immense utility to them as purveyors of distilled emotion. This vast change in the education of the musician inevitably brought with it a change of ideals. The impersonal in music gave way to the personal, the symphonic to the dramatic, the oratorio to the lyric, the abstract to the concrete, the absolute form to the program form.

In the fourth place, the older men were limited not only in their vocabulary, in the amount of stimulus they could receive from poetry, and in their general intellectual outlook, but in the very important item of the material in which they had to work. You could no more write the "*Francesca da Rimini*" or the "*Faust Overture*" for the orchestra of the eighteenth century, used in the manner of the eighteenth century, than you could evolve Rodin's statue of Balzac out of a piece of wood with

a pen-knife, a chisel and a small hammer. Absolute music grew up on the piano and the small orchestra, and the possibilities of these, it will be admitted, are somewhat limited. When composers found under their hands an orchestra capable of almost every expression conceivable, it was preposterous to expect them to limit themselves to such forms of speech as had been possible to their predecessors; and, having the new ideas within them, they naturally took advantage of the new medium that awaited them. The modern orchestra is as essential to the program form as the poetical stimulus, the fully-formed musical speech, and the broader and more cultivated brain of the musician.

One other fact of some significance may just be briefly noted. It is by the Russian School that program-music has been chiefly and most successfully cultivated. This is owing partly to the comparative freedom from convention in which Russian music has grown up, partly to the Russians having the fully-developed musical language ready-made for them, without having to evolve it for themselves along the line of pure classical music. They have been able to say anything they wanted to say under the stimulus of poetry or drama, without feeling themselves tied down, either by their teachers or their public, to a type of expression radically unsuited to them.

On two lines of enquiry, then, we have found the case for program-music somewhat stronger than its hasty opponents have imagined. On the one hand we have seen that when the nature and origin of music are psychologically analyzed, there are two mental attitudes, two orders of expression and two types of phrase, from one of which has arisen absolute, from the other program-music. On the other hand, we have seen that, from a variety of reasons, program-music could not have been cultivated by the great masters of the

eighteenth century who beat out the form of the classical symphony; while its fascination for the modern men is due to it being the only medium of expression for a certain order of modern ideas. It is quite time, then, that not only critics but composers realized that when the brains are out the form will die; that you cannot write a symphony in the form of Mozart or Beethoven unless your mental world is something like theirs; and that if the literary, or pictorial, or dramatic suggestion is all-potent with a composer, it is folly for him to throw it aside, and try, by using a form that is uncongenial to him, to get back into an emotional atmosphere it would be impossible for him to breathe. We look at César Franck, a musician who, merely following his intuitions as an artist, shaped and moulded the older forms to suit his own purpose, though rarely doing anything that was flagrantly revolutionary, and achieved some of the most beautiful and most masterly music that has been written in our century. He knew when, within the same composition, to let the absolute musician predominate, and when the programist. The result is that a movement or a suite of movements by César Franck has not only unity of thematic material, but an all-embracing unity of intellectual purpose. Never is the program-scheme looked down upon with pedantic horror; never is mere music spun out of mere notes for the sake of writing as the ancients wrote. On the other hand, we have a musician like Brahms, with an organization consummately endowed, in some respects, for the musical representation of poetical or pictorial ideas, torturing himself and his hearers, in far too many cases, in a vain attempt to carry on the good old "classical tradition." Brahms, as his wonderful songs serve to show, had one of the completest gifts ever vouchsafed by the gods to a musician for expressing the moods of

man and nature in tone; and so, try as he will to be a classicist, the human being struggles here and there through the heavy garments of the professor. In his first symphony, for example, there are in the first and second movements certain brief passages of poignant human expression, wild despair and tragic pathos; but they always seem, to me, at least, unrelated to the general scheme. In the last movement, again, one is inclined to say there must be a program of some kind, though it has been timidly sacrificed to the demon of convention. The trouble is that Brahms was never intended by nature to be a "classical" symphonist; and it is pretty safe to say that had he come under other influences in his youth, had he been born in Russia instead of in Germany, he would have been a freer and a greater musician.

One may be an ardent advocate of program-music *à priori*, and yet admit quite freely that much of our actual program-music is not a success. In the case of Berlioz, who fought so strenuously for the new ideas, the reason of his occasional failure is not far to seek. He came at a time when people were not disposed to listen patiently to program-music of the higher order, nor to help the composer by rational criticism. He could learn nothing from previous French composers, for the symphony had not been cultivated in France. His own incentive to composition was frequently literary rather than musical. His technical training left much to be desired, and I sometimes think that his was not entirely a musical mind—not a mind, that is, that thought surely and solely and inevitably in tone. Hence an occasional awkwardness of phrase, and a failure to make the music either beautiful or interesting. But to Berlioz as the pioneer of program-music we owe a great deal; and his notion of symbolizing a dramatic individual by a solo instrument, making its commentary on

the scenes depicted in the orchestra—as in his "Harold in Italy"—is one that might be put to good use by some modern composer. Liszt, again, realized very acutely some of the difficulties of form in program-music, particularly that of development. One sees him, time after time, reduced to the device of repeating bodily, in another key, a whole slice of a symphonic poem, for sheer lack of ability to develop his scheme in any other way. He had the gift, however, of striking out some really remarkable phrases, possessing poetical and pictorial veracity of the highest order. And it must be remembered, as against the shortcomings of both Berlioz and Liszt, that it is one thing to develop the themes of absolute music—and quite another to develop those of program-music. These are framed primarily with reference to dramatic or descriptive characterization rather than with an eye to purely musical combinations, and so are generally longer and more complex than the themes of the classical symphony, and less tractable to the ordinary technique of the art. In a symphonic poem like Liszt's "Hungaria" you see the weak side of the program-form. Here, in spite of the expressiveness of the phrases, the general impression is one of monotony, owing to their constant repetition. There is not, in fact, sufficient variety here in the program-idea to induce variety in the musical presentation of it. On the other hand, in his "Mazeppa," the literary basis is just sufficient for the musical form; and, barring one or two passages of somewhat ineffective soliloquizing, this symphonic poem is a promising example of what may be done in program-music. Here, I think, better than anywhere else, Liszt has shown how some of the main Wagnerian principles of dramatic characterization and development may be transferred to purely orchestral music.

The great thing, it would appear, is to be particular in the choice of the idea or subject to be set to music; and if the problem of how much deadweight of literary suggestion could be borne by music in connection with a written drama became a very pressing one to Wagner during the course of his career, it is hardly to be wondered at that all should not be the plainest of sailing when the subject has to be made clear in music alone, without any assistance from words. Berlioz made the mistake of aiming at too positive a representation of fact; and, whatever the young bloods of Romanticism may have thought of them, we cannot help smiling in these days at some parts of the "Symphonie Fantastique"—the passage, for example, where, at the end of the March to the Scaffold, the phrase symbolizing the hero's last thought of the Beloved Woman is cut short by the descent of the axe, and the head drops into the basket to the accompaniment of a plunging pizzicato. Liszt, again, falls now and then into a rank absurdity. In the "Hamlet," after a gentle passage expressive of Ophelia, Hamlet bursts in rudely with what is meant for a mocking phrase; and Liszt's instructions to the strings and bassoons are "ironisch;" though how the players are to make us understand that the phrase is ironic the composer does not say. But for the most part the modern men steer clear of all pitfalls of this kind. They are careful to select only those subjects which lend themselves thoroughly to musical treatment. We could not, for example, wish for a more successful piece of program-music than César Franck's "Less Djinns" (based on Victor Hugo's poem), or Tschalkowsky's "Tempest" or "Francesca da Rimini." In the case of Tschalkowsky's, in particular, the appropriateness of the program-form to his imagination is visible at almost every point. Not that he was unable to work within the limits

of the older forms and still write fine music; only one feels that where he is successful here it is by dint of sheer musical skill and inventiveness, and that he worked more naturally, more continuously, when he was free to follow, in a pseudo-dramatic way, the lead of the poetic element. He began by writing absolute and program-music at the same time and with seeming impartiality; but, if we compare his second symphony (op. 17), with his "Fantaisie" on Shakespeare's "Tempest" (op. 18), we can see how much more congenial the form of the latter really is to him. In spite of the beauty and the brilliance of the fourth symphony (op. 36), again, he seems to speak more directly, more poignantly, in the "Francesca da Rimini" (op. 32). The great Trio (op. 50), the "Manfred" symphony (op. 58), and the "Hamlet" overture" (op. 67) are frankly programist in scheme; while between the two last-named works came the fifth symphony (op. 64), in which Tschalkowsky seems to be making a curious effort to blend the two forms, to inject the life-blood of the poetic or dramatic suggestion into the veins of the older form of symphony. In the "Pathétique" the dramatic idea is so plainly the very essence of the work that the least instructed hearer becomes conscious of it at once. This sixth symphony, I think, puts the final seal upon program-music; and the triumph of the form is all the greater by reason of the fact that Tschalkowsky gives us no clue to the "story." Working with no extraneous material, with nothing more than the ordinary forms and colors of orchestral music, he has succeeded in making as poignant a drama of struggle, defeat and despair as even literature can point to. Tschalkowsky thought at one time of writing out the program to this symphony. Had he done so, he would probably have made it easier for us to see the drift of certain things in it that are now

thought to be weaknesses; for it must be reiterated that just as music is modified in form when set to words, as in the song or the opera, so must it be modified when it treats of a literary or pictorial subject. The programists should take their courage in their hands, and reject the timid compromise that program-music is all right if it sounds as well as absolute music to any one who does not know the story. A little reflection will show the absurdity of this. Imagine one of the most highly and subtly expressive of modern songs—say the "O wüsst' ich doch" or the "Feld-einsamkeit" of Brahms—sung to you at a concert without your having the slightest knowledge of the words. Some pleasure, of course, you could not help feeling in the music, but it would be nothing compared with the sensations you would have if you knew the words, or could follow them in a program. Then you would find not only that certain passages that seemed to you the least interesting before, as mere music, are the essence of poignant expressiveness, but that these apparent peculiarities are justified, and indeed necessitated, by the poetry. Now imagine that you hear the same song three months later. You have forgotten the actual words, point by point; but you still retain the recollection of the emotional moods they suggested; and so you are still susceptible to each *nuance* of expression in the music. From this to program-music is merely a step. In a symphonic poem like "Mazeppa," or "Francesca da Rimini," or "Les Djinn's," you have a general idea of the sequence of moods or pictures represented by the orchestra. You do not need, for example, the clarinet solo in "Francesca" to be set to words. No words could make it more apparent to you that here Francesca has emerged from the circle of tortured souls and is telling her pathetic story to Dante and his guide. You read the lines from the "Divine Comedy"

prefixed by Tschalkowsky to the music, and everything is perfectly clear to you. In fact, you are precisely in the same position as when listening to a fine song with a complete knowledge of its general purport and its emotional sequences, but with no knowledge of the actual words. A symphonic poem is not, and should not be, fettered with the shackles of absolute music; it is really a song without words, a picture without paint. In Liszt's "Die Ideale" we have a curious development of this principle, that might very advantageously be taken up by other composers. Liszt divides Schiller's poem into sections of different intensity or different *timbre* of feeling, and places each of these in the score before the section of the music that illustrates it. The whole symphonic poem goes on, of course, without a break; but we have, at each change in the mental world suggested by the music, an indication in the words of the precise outlook upon life with which Schiller and Liszt are now dealing. "Die Ideale" is, in fact, an extension of the song-form, in which the words are not sung, but are either suggested to us or supposed to be known to us.

Along the lines of program-music there is great development possible and great work to be done. It might probably be argued out that this form is inherently more perfect than that of music-drama, since we have it in a musical treatment of a dramatic subject without the unmusical padding that is essential to even the best music-drama. With the exception of "Tristan," none of Wagner's operas can approach his "Faust Overture" for conciseness, directness and completeness of form; and "Tristan," in its best parts, is not so much an opera as a symphonic poem to which words have sometimes been added, by hook or by crook. The final scene, for example, was evidently written simply for the orchestra in the

first place, as may be seen by the continuity of the orchestral part as compared with the frequent "faking" of the voice-part; and to this day nine people out of ten would prefer it without the voice—except, perhaps, towards the end. The same thing may be said of the Good Friday music in "Parsifal," which is program-music, pure and simple, the words having been adjusted to it in the best way Wagner could manage. Whether musicians would agree or not, however, that the program-form is intrinsically more perfect than the opera, few will deny, on reflection, that it is perfection itself as compared with the symphony. The classical symphony has always been, as a whole, the essence of formlessness, a freak of the fortuitous. There is no earthly reason why it should have three or four or seven or ten movements; there is no earthly connection between the various movements after they are written—except in a program-symphony, like the "Pastoral." Some day an enterprising conductor will arise who will have the courage to give a *pasticcio* symphony—the first movement from one symphony, the second from another, and so on. He will even paste together an allegro from Beethoven, an adagio from Tschalkowsky, a scherzo from Schubert, and a finale from Brahms; and in many cases he will get a better result than in the ordinary succession of movements by the same composer. The form of the classical symphony grew up by accident and has been perpetuated by tradi-

tion; but there is really room for something more coherent in these days. That is provided for us in the program-form. Whether the symphonic poem be in one movement, as the "Francesca da Rimini" or "Mazeppa," or in several movements, as Berlioz's "Harold in Italy," Liszt's "Faust," or Tschalkowsky's "Manfred," there is really vital organic connection between its parts, some reason why it should begin here and end there—which could never be said of the classical symphony. That form will still continue to be written, because it meets one necessity of the human mind—the need to express its delight in sound, to admire the kaleidoscopic changes of which organized tone is capable, apart from any suggestions of speech or action. But there is another side of the human mind that also needs expression—the side that is turned towards life and men and books and pictures, that only thrills into speech at the touch of concrete things; and to this need of humanity the musician has always known how to minister. In early days he wrote the song, in later days the opera; in the coming time he will express himself in program-music. He could not do so before, because he had not the medium in which to utter the peculiar things he wanted to say. But now that the orchestra has become the marvellous thing it is, the poetic musician has no bar to the expression of any pictorial vision or dramatic action that may be in him.

Ernest Newman.

The Contemporary Review.

BREAK HABIT WHILE HE'S A COLT.

Govern thy temper, lest thou groan and rave
Under the lash of thy revolted slave.

Frederick Langbridge.

THE PLOUGHING OF TH' OWD LAD'S BIT.

"I ha' made up my moind fur to plough th' Owd Lad's Bit," said Farmer Hoviley sturdily. "'Tis nowt but wickedness; th' earth is th' Lord's."

In olden times the strip of land thus named was euphemistically called "The Goodman's Croft," and was left untilled, being regarded as a kind of blackmail to Satan that ensured the well-being of the surrounding crops. These patches of land dedicated to the Adversary were not often found south of the Border; nevertheless the Ridge Farm had possessed one "ever sin' th' Flood pretty near," so said the country folk when they spoke in their soft broad Lancashire speech of "th' Owd Lad's Bit."

It was an oblong strip forming part of an upland field and separated from it by a narrow path; the whole lying along the southwestern slope of the high land to the north of Wildersmoor, and known as the Ridge. Most of the hill was dense woodland, the scattered farms being in the valley below and on the moor; but one homestead, the Ridge Farm, stood alone on the height, backed by the forest and protected in popular belief by the powerful charm of that strip of ill-dedicated soil. Whether any of the neighboring farmers would have liked a similar croft upon their own lands is doubtful; there was about it a sinister idea, a vague consciousness of an unlawful league with the Power of Darkness and of Evil; yet they were not sorry that it existed. It gave them a feeling of unholy security. Also, it impelled them to attend church and chapel with punctilious regularity; they felt dimly that they would not be wise to give Satan any further advantage. Th' Owd Lad must be made to understand that he had his Bit, but no more.

Little did the excellent men who ministered to them through the long years imagine how materially that plot of untilled land, rich in grass and flowers, assisted in filling the church and ensured the cheerful opening of leather purses. For strangers never heard of th' Owd Lad's Bit, even though they might spend well-nigh a lifetime in the district. All they saw was a neglected corner, a luxuriant tangle of wild leafage and blossom, where butterfly and bee held revel, and the white throat sang and hatched her brood in green security.

Farmer Hoviley was a misogynist. He took the Ridge Farm on the death of its last tenant because, as he publicly stated at Riverton market, "Th' nearest woman being a good three mlie away, an' nobbut a miry lane atwixt th' house an' th' high-road, theer's a chance o' peace an' quietness." So Hoviley settled himself and his laborers—all either unmarried or widowers—on the Ridge, and proceeded to inaugurate the reign of peace and quietness by announcing his intention of ploughing that time-honored fetish, th' Owd Lad's Bit.

His resolve stirred a feeling of uneasiness throughout the countryside, and one or two of his cronies remonstrated.

"If I wur thee I'd let th' land bide as 'tis," said Farmer Gregson, Hoviley's nearest neighbor. "Nowt good e'er cooms o' meddling wi' th' Owd Lad."

"I reckon we're bound fur to resist th' devil," replied Hoviley.

"Ay, but tha needna go out o' thy way fur to tread on his tail, so to speak. Yon land's never been ploughed."

"That's noan reason. Tha mout as well say th' heathen mun go on worshipping stocks an' stones because

they've always done so. This here bit o' land being left i' this fashion is sort o' heathenish I take it, an' I'll plough it next month and sow it i' oats, as sure as my name's Gideon Hoviley."

That ploughing was a great event, every farmer for miles round being present, looking doubtfully on in vague expectation of some mishap; for it was improbable that the Author of Mischief would tamely pocket so great an affront. Hoviley himself was ploughman, grimly observing—

"Me an' th' Owd Lad'll fight this out betwixt oursen."

"Th' horses is good uns," remarked Gregson, standing at one end of the Goodman's Croft, but well beyond its limits. "Why didna thee take a couple o' owd uns, then if owt happens to 'em, it would na matter so mooch?"

"Nay," returned Hoviley, "when a mon goes into battle I reckon he takes his best tools. Th' plough's good, an' th' horses as you say, an' them's my guns, so to speak."

And he drove a steady straight furrow through the soil that had never been ploughed within the memory of man. Backwards and forwards he went, the brown earth with its crest of withered grasses rising and falling as a wave of the sea.

Leaning over the fence at the opposite end of the Croft was old Martin Fenton, whilom blacksmith and now retired, but living at the forge with his daughter and son-in-law. A shrewd man was old Martin, and reputed the best judge of a horse in the district. He was also an excellent judge of many other things, and was habitually consulted on important matters. With regard to this ploughing, Martin had expressed a qualified approval. "It wur reet enow, nobbut a trifle risky;" and he stood among the spectators watching the nicely turning furrow with critical eyes.

"'Tis good ploughing," he presently

observed as Hoviley approached, "deep, an' straight an' clean."

"Aye," responded the farmer, lifting and turning the plough for the next furrow, "I mean to make a good job o' this. I'll leave nowt shiftless for th' Owd Lad to ha' a grip on. I'll plough him out on't, fair an' square."

"Th' weather's clear," said another onlooker in a low voice to Martin. "I thowt happen theer'd be a storm."

The old man cast his eyes round the horizon.

"Nay, theer isna a cloud th' size o' a mon's hond. Th' Owd Lad conna be a' o'er th' place at once; he's nobbut a created being, tha sees. Happens he doesna know o' this yet."

Here was a new and disquieting idea over which those who listened pondered uncomfortably.

Through that fair and sunny March morning the plough went to and fro like a weaver's shuttle, birds chirping and fluttering about the new-turned earth, and the low murmur of conversation now and then rising on the chill sweet air. By noon, Hoviley, with a chirrup to his horses, lifted the plough from the last furrow, and th' Owd Lad's Bit lay brown under the pale blue of the spring sky.

The summer that followed was one of drought hitherto unknown in that part of the country. Day by day the emerald of the grass faded to paler green—to wanness, scorched by the fierce sun. The rivers ran low, the brooks dried, ponds changed to hollows of caked mud, and the kindly fruits of the earth shrivelled ere they were ripe. As the long hot weeks passed on, each with its ruined crops, its blighted meadows, a whisper arose that this drought was the work of the Enemy—was his revenge for the ploughing of his croft. The whisper grew, strengthened by the fact that alone on that portion of land the crop showed no sign of blight, nor any injury from the with-

ering heat. Those oats grew well and tall, and presently swung in airy panicles of gilded spikelets, each showing heart of ebony in the split gold. And still overhead was the burning blue, under foot the gray dust, still the air quivered with the intense heat.

The countryside looked and growled. One tropical morning Hoviley chanced to go down to the smithy, and there found a group of his neighbors discussing that strangely fertile patch and the dry scorched fields surrounding it.

"An owd bit o' iron mout be tried," suggested the smith, old Martin's son-in-law. "Theer's a bit that's been knocking about here fur long enow."

"Is there never a nail one could rive out o' th' church? That 'ud be a sight better," said a stout farmer whose horse was being shod. "I've half a moind to look fur one an' throw it o'er th' land mysen."

At this moment Hoviley arrived, and Gregson, who was present, took upon himself to explain matters.

"We're a-talking o' this here drought. Some on us think 'tis th' Owd Lad's doing, n' along o' th' ploughing o' yon strip o' land as wur his Bit."

"An' what if it is?" responded Hoviley calmly. "I've heard folks lay th' drought to it, an' blame me fur th' ploughing. Well, I reckon I'm a loser too. Yo' conna sweep a room w'out raising a dust."

"Ay, but tha sees, th' dust is a-smothering other folk."

"That's what cooms o' bowing down to th' Owd Lad. If yon land had been ploughed long sin, instead o' being given o'er to him as has noan right to any Christian earth, theer wouldna ha' been this bother. That's if so be as 'tis his doing," added Hoviley. "I amna sure on't. Th' drought might ha' coom anyway."

"I dunno. Them oats is wonderful," said another farmer, shaking his head. "W've talked it o'er, an' we've been

thinking summat mout be done. But Martin con say his say first."

"Eh well," began the old man, "I'm fur ha'ing th' parson to pray a bit o'er the land—o'er them oats, I mean. 'Tis worth trying, fur th' whole countryside is fair parched. Mon an' beast conna stond it mooch longer."

Hoviley nodded gravely.

"Fur me," said Gregson when Martin stopped, "o' course I think Martin's reet. But happen you' mout like to try a charm afore troubling th' parson. Now I con recollect my gronfeyther telling how his feyther—that's my great-gronfeyther—got rid o' murrain among his cows. He lived o'er Macclesfield way, an' an owd witch-woman towed him to take a black cock, cut off its head, an' sprinkle th' blood o'er the cows, then bury th' head an' body on threshold o' th' shippon. Wel, the' owd chap worried o'er it a bit in's moind, being a sort o' witchcraft, tha sees. However, at last he thowt it mout be lawful fur to fight th' devil w' his own tricks, an' e did it; an' that theer murrain shifted that week—ay, it did. 'Tis an easy charm, an' tha mout try it on th' oats."

"Ay, 'tis easy," assented Hoviley; "but theer's no manner o' doubt as it's witchcraft, an' I'll ha' noan on't. This here fight betwixt th' Owd Lad an' me has got to be fought out fair an' square. I'll ha' no juggling. As fur th' prayers, o' course that's different. Happen I'll see what parson says."

"Theer's nowt unlawful i' prayers," said old Martin approvingly, "an' they conna do harm no way. Th' parson's off on's holiday, but th' curate's a good young chap enow. I'd as son ha' him as th' vicar. Seems to me he's been o'erdoing hissen this weather. He's nobbut delicate an' peaky-loike."

"Ay, I saw him this morn. He wur pale as a candle, an' I made bold fur to tell him so. But theer!—when a mon's young he thinks nowt'll hurt him. I'll

go o'er to his lodgings to-morrow an' ha' a talk w' him about the Owd Lad's Bit."

This assurance was felt to be satisfactory, and after some desultory conversation the group at the smithy dispersed.

The day that followed was the hottest of all that hot summer. The very air seemed fire as Hoviley went up past the woods and through the burnt meadows to where that sinister patch of oats stood up golden in the sun. The farmer contemplated them for a few moments, shook his head dubiously, and took the path that led to the village and the curate's abode.

The Rev. Clement Polwarne was young and earnest, and his vicar being absent, threw himself into the work of the parish with wholly unnecessary zeal. Youth is prodigal of its strength, even when that strength is not great; and each burning day saw Polwarne going to and fro, regardless of the exhausting heat.

"You're doing too mooch, sir," observed Hoviley as he stood in the bare little parlor of the curate's lodgings. "Folk conna be always going to an' fro l' sooch weather as this."

"Oh, I don't think it can last much longer," replied Polwarne. "Sit down, Mr. Hoviley. What can I do for you?"

"It isna o'er-fatiguing or I wouldna worrit yo' w' it," said the farmer, slowly lowering himself into a chair; and he proceeded to explain the surmised cause of the drought and the proposed remedy.

His listener was deeply interested and slightly shocked.

"I had no idea," he remarked, "that such superstitions yet lingered. I have heard of the Goodman's Croft, but imagined both the heathen fancy and the thing had passed away together."

"Well, yo' see, sir," responded Hoviley, "it isna called Goodman's Croft nowadays; 'tis nobbut th' Owd Lad's

Bit, an' so folks dunnot notice so mooch. An' besides, it isna spoke of as a rule, fur theer's nowt to speak on. Theer's th' strip o' land, an' it's left, an' everybody knows why it's left, an' things that everybody knows nobody knows—which is a curious thing if yo' coom to think on't, sir."

It was curious, and Polwarne reflected on it for a moment; perceiving also the depth of thought in this seeming ordinary farmer.

"I suppose," he said regretfully, after a pause, "one never really comprehends the people of a place unless one has spent one's childhood among them."

"Eh, well, not always, sir," said Hoviley, with natural courtesy, seeing the drift of the curate's mind. "O' course, a child'll pick up things w' hearing th' folks gossiping among theirsens; they dunnot heed the child, yo' see; an' th' owd women'll tell it tales fur to amuse it. But I think most folks is easy enow to understand, if so be as yo' take 'em as they be."

"I should be very glad to do so."

"It isna difficult, sir," returned the other with a slow smile. "We mostly take folks as they be down here; and so I make bold fur to ask yo' to say th' prayers."

Polwarne felt a trifle perplexed. Would his vicar approve? But there was not time to ask his opinion, and surely he could not object?

"There are several prayers that I think would be suitable," he said. "I will come this afternoon if you like, about half-past four."

"It 'ud suit me reet enow, but the sun's hot then. Wouldna yo' find it cooler a bit later?—just as yo' please, sir."

"I don't mind the sun, thank you, and I have a meeting to attend this evening. So if the hour I named will do?"

"I'll be ready, sir. 'Tis a' th' same to me."

The news of what was about to hap-

pen sped through the district with a curious celerity noticeable in country places, and by four o'clock the farmers had assembled in force on the ridge. All felt the occasion was serious, as serious as that ploughing day in spring, which, in the general belief, had brought the drought upon them. The little lane outside the Owd Lad's Bit was crowded with horses and vehicles, while their owners stood in the parched field beyond the debatable land, and looked across the dividing path at that thick growth of shining grain. The sun beat down mercilessly, and the air was stifling.

"Mout be thunder, but theer's never a cloud," said a red-bearded farmer standing beside Gregson. "If parson conna fix th' Owd Lad, summat else mun be tried. I'm fur sending a maid across the Bit wif a new-born babe i' her arms."

"Ay, I've heard o' that," replied Gregson; "but if owt happent to maid or babe, theer'd be siccan a noise."

"Nowt 'ud happen to 'em," rejoined the red-bearded one sturdily; "nowt at a', I tell thee. They mouten't raise the drought, but they'd coom to no harm. I'm fur trying it; 'tis a powerful charm. We conna go on loike this. I conna get a drop o' water on my place neither fur mon nor beast wifout fetchin' it four miles fro' th' river, an' that's running low. 'Tis loike th' Owd Lad's spite. He conna get water i' his own place, an' he dunnot want us to ha' it here—that's about it!"

"Theer's Hoviley going down th' hill," said old Martin. "Happen parson's cooming. Ay, theer he is!"

At this the company pulled out varicolored pocket handkerchiefs and polished their faces vigorously, then turned expectant eyes on the advancing curate. Doubtless the intense heat, with the added fatigue of the climb up the Ridge, had exhausted Polwarne more than usual. To-day he seemed a

pale wraith, with bright blue eyes looking out of deep hollows, and Hoviley noticed his evident weakness.

"Would yo' like to rest awhile i' th' shade, sir? Or down at th' farm?"

"Oh no, thank you. I have had rather a long walk, that is all." He waved his hand towards the Owd Lad's Bit. "That I think, is the land of which you spoke?"

"Ay sir, yon's it. Th' only patch as isna burned up."

Polwarne turned to the waiting crowd.

"My friends," he began, standing at the edge of the oats. "My friends, I—" There was a pause, a sudden dry rustling, and before Hoviley, who was nearest, could catch him, the curate fell heavily among the sunlit grain.

For an instant the onlookers remained motionless, then they plunged forward in a body.

"He's nobbut fainted wif th' heat, I reckon," said Hoviley stoutly. "We'll carry him to th' farm an' send fur doctor."

"Eh, well," observed the red-bearded farmer as he helped to lift Polwarne. "It mout be th' heat, but to my thinkin' 'tis th' Owd Lad's doing an nowt else. He'll ha' noan prayers, he knows better."

A little procession set off for the farm, and the crowd sat down on the hedgebanks and awaited Hoviley's return. In about an hour he and the others came back.

"It wur a sort o' faint," he explained. "Th' doctor calls it heat exhaustion or summat o' th' kind; an' the parson mun keep quiet. Anyway, he's coom to hissen. I wanted him to stay at my place for awhile, but he wur set on getting whoam to his lodgings, so th' doctor's taken him theer. He'll do reet enow, wif doctor nigh i' th' village; though I reckon he'd ha' done best up here on th' Ridge wif me. However, 'tis as he pleases. Now, seeing a' this has hap-

pent, 'tis in my moind to read them prayers mysen; fur 'tis plain th' Owd Lad's feart o' th' prayers, an' so he strikes afore he can hear 'em. Doctor may say it wur th' heat as caused parson's faint, but I've been thinking it o'er, an' I've my own opinion."

"Ay, an' so have I," chimed in Gregson. "But I dunno about ordinary folk a-playing parson."

"See here," replied Hoviley. "Summat knocked the parson out; we conna tell what it wur, but I'll ask no man more to run risks o'er a matter as is more mine nor anybody's. It wur me that ploughed th' land, an' 'tis for me to settle un; fur I begin to think th' drought mun be th' Owd Lad's spite o'er th' ploughing. I said I'd fight it out fair an' square, an' I will. But I conna read th' prayers yet awhile, being as it's milking toime; an' wi' that an' other things it'll be nine o' th' clock afore I'm ready. So I wur a-going to say you'd a' best coom to my place an' set doon, an' put up the horses an' ha' tea."

Those farmers who lived some distance accepted this invitation; others, whose homes were nearer, preferred to return later.

"Mak' it ten o'clock, Hoviley, an' we'll be here."

"A' reet," replied Hoviley, and the company separated; about a dozen following their host, the rest scattering in various directions.

The Ridge Farm was a solidly-built old house, looking south and backed by deep woods; and the large, stone-flagged, dark-raftered kitchen, used as the living-room, wore in all seasons an aspect of cheerfulness and comfort. To-day it was a grateful haven to the hot dusty men who trooped in and sat down in the heavy wooden chairs, while an old laborer blew up the fire in the huge fireplace, whence pleasing odors of tea and bacon presently diffused themselves throughout the atmosphere.

The hot hours passed. By-and-by the

sun sank, a lurid disk in a copper-colored sky that seemed to thicken as it slowly darkened.

"Mout be a storm brewing, but theer's ne'er a cloud," observed one of Hoviley's guests as they sat and smoked in the porch; "an' it's looked lolke that every night fur long enow. Theer's summat unnatural about th' heat, an' th' nights, an' the days an' a'."

As the nights closed in—hot, moonless, silent, save for the shrilling of the field crickets—glimmering lights appeared far and wide; they were the lanterns of the returning crowd. Many on reaching home had half resolved "fur to waste no more toime traipsing after th' Owd Lad's tricks;" but as the stifling darkness covered the earth, curiosity and a feeling of neighborly responsibility drew them once more up the Ridge.

"'Tis toime to start," said Hoviley in the farm-house porch, and his guests rose and knocked the ashes out of their pipes. He himself led the way, carrying the big stable lantern, and with his grandfather's Prayer-book—a ponderous tome—under his other arm. Thus guided, they walked on slowly to the Owd Lad's Bit, where the lanterns of the arriving farmers were moving to and fro in the smothering gloom.

"Well, neighbors, are we all here?" asked Hoviley, looking round on the dimly-lit crowd in the field.

"Ay, I think so," responded a voice out of the darkness.

"Then howd th' light a minute, Gregson, while I find th' places."

"'Tis a curious sort o' night," muttered one man to the next beside him, as Hoviley slowly turned the leaves of his book.

"So 'tis," rejoined the other in the same tone. "I wish as we could ha' had th' parson fur to read."

The places having been found, Hoviley, with tht book open on his left arm, took the lantern again and walked a

few paces into the oats, whereat Gregson remonstrated.

"Tha needna go reet on th' land," he said.

"Ay, but I will. I'm minded to set th' Owd Lad at defiance on's own Bit, an' read prayers in's face."

"I reckon I'll coom too, an' howd lantern fur thee," and old Martin hobbled forward with his stick. "Seeing as I'm nigh eighty, it conna matter if owt happens to me."

"Nay," said Hoviley, but Martin persisted, and the two stood side by side in the oats. The darkness was so strangely thick that nothing was visible beyond the circle of light thrown by the lantern on the tall figure of Hoviley, the stooping one of his companion, and the yellow grain around them. In the field behind, the lanterns shone like gigantic glowworms, here and there illuminating a face or a hand. For a moment there was silence, then steadily, deliberately, and with a ring of challenge in his voice, Hoviley read the prayers he had selected, the listeners saying "Amen." At the close he shut the book with decision, and, signing to Martin to precede him, marched out of the Owd Lad's Bit on to the footpath.

"Theer!" he said. 'I've rammed them prayers down's throat, an' he's swallowed his dose, an' nowt's happent. I'm obliged to thee, Martin. Now will yo' chaps coom in an' ha' a glass o' whisky an' water afore starting whoam?"

The company accepted to a man. After the strain of the last seven hours they felt the need of something homely and comforting, and, filling Hoviley's kitchen, they drank his health with stolid enthusiasm. The Queen's health followed, and the curate's, and various others. Lastly, they drank confusion to the Owd Lad and all his doings. Indeed, so vigorous was the health-drinking that one man was afterwards accused of having drunk confusion to the Queen and long life to the Owd Lad;

but this was always stoutly denied by the farmer in question, he averring that "th' whisky wasna brewed as could make him siccan a fool as that!" Finally they departed, and Hoviley, having seen the last of them off, went to bed, and slept serenely.

But not for long. About two in the morning he was awakened by a deafening clap of thunder, that seemed exactly overhead. Hoviley sat up. The thunder was followed by a violet-colored flash of lightning that lit the room and another clap as tremendous as the first. Hoviley leapt out of bed. A hissing rush seemed to fill the air; he made a dash to the open window, felt and heard torrential rain, and, with a grim smile overspreading his face in the darkness, retired once more to bed.

There was, however, little sleep possible for any one in the district during the rest of the night; that storm is still remembered throughout the countryside. At daybreak the thunder ceased, not so the rain; it poured in a steady deluge over hill and dale, running off the parched ground into every hollow and stream. Hoviley wore an air of quiet triumph, his men regarding him with admiration. Five—six days passed, and still the rain came down unceasingly. Each soaking morning Hoviley stalked up to the Owd Lad's Bit and surveyed the beaten, ruined oats with satisfaction. They were worthless now, but what matter?—he was victorious. Standing there on the highest point of the Ridge, he one day became aware of a dull murmur, like the rushing of hidden water, far beneath his feet, a kind of undertone amid the louder swish and rustle of the rain. He listened, and recalled the tradition of mines in the Ridge, abandoned long ago. Doubtless cracks in the parched earth were letting some of this deluge into the old workings. The idea afforded him fresh gratification, as being another proof of the thorough break-up of the drought. On

reaching home an hour later he found Gregson awaiting him.

"Stay an' ha' dinner," said Hoviley, twelve noon being the dinner-hour at the farm.

"Well, I dunnot moind if I do. I thowt I'd just drop in, as I hadna seen thee fur a while. Parson's better, I'm told."

"Ay, he's pretty reet again, barrin' a trifle weak. I'm glad on't."

"So am I."

In agricultural circles eating is a serious matter, therefore not much was said during the meal; but with the advent of pipes conversation was resumed. Presently Gregson observed tentatively—

"Th' rain's a'-cooming down harder nor ever; happen it'll noan stop at a'! Theer wur never siccan a downpour known i' the country. I dunno as tha hadn't better ha' waited till th' parson wur able fur to get up here."

"Haven't I done it as well as any parson?" demanded Hoviley.

"Ay, but tha's overdone it, tha sees. We're fair swamped out at our place, an' nigh on Wildersmoor theer's milles o' land under water."

But Hoviley's satisfaction, like the rain, remained unabated.

"'Tis reet enow," he said. "Yo' canna expect a drought loike that to end wi' a degging-can."

Gregson shook his head gloomily.

"Tha's better off up here on th' Ridge, th' water runs off loike. If th' weather dunnot take up soon, th' soll'll be clean drowned, let alone man an' beast."

"It'll take up a' reet," replied Hoviley, with calm confidence. He knew well that not only Gregson, but the whole district, regarded him as the author of all the mischief caused by drought and deluge, yet he remained absolutely unmoved. There was in him the stuff of which the early Reformers were made; he had smitten down an evil custom, and his soul was content; this was the

end of the fight between him and the Owd Lad.

The end, however, was not exactly as Hoviley imagined. On the night of the eighth day the inmates of the Ridge Farm slumbered peacefully as usual, lulled by the steady sweep of the still falling rain; but towards morning there was a perceptible change. By dawn the pouring of waters had become a gentle drizzle that lessened hour by hour, the gray of the sky grew lighter, and at six o'clock Hoviley descended to breakfast feeling a glow of satisfied triumph; the rain had ceased.

"'Tis taking up," observed the old laborer, lifting the sizzling bacon from the fire. "We'll ha' th' sun out afore long. Eh, what's yon?"

The farmer, in time-honored fashion, was cooling his tea by dexterously swinging it round in his saucer. He paused and listened. There was a low distant thunder like that of an approaching train. It grew louder, swelling upon the ear to a deafening, crashing uproar, then slowly died away.

"Summat's fallen, that's a'," said Hoviley, seeing the old man's scared face. "A bit o' rock, likly."

Even as he spoke, a suspicion shot through his mind that was echoed by the next remark of the laborer.

"Seemt to me," he quavered, "as th' noise coom fro' nigh th' Owd Lad's Bit."

Hoviley snatched his hat and ran out, all the men on the farm tailing after him, curious to ascertain the cause of that terrific racket, the old laborer bringing up the rear. When they reached the point from whence they could see the debatable land, Hoviley stopped short, crying wrathfully:

"He's took it away!—Ay, he has!—He's took it away! I might ha' known th' devil wouldna fight fair!"

For the Owd Lad's Bit was gone—buried beneath tons of rock and debris in the valley below. A great landslip

had taken place, happily without loss of life; but the Goodman's Croft had vanished as completely as though it had descended into that pit where rules the enemy.

Thus ended the ploughing of the Owd Lad's Bit. Learned people talked of the unusual rain following the unusual drought, of deep fissures leading to old workings, and gave many and various reasons for the catastrophe; but the country-side knew all about it, and

The Argosy.

drew a long breath of relief. "Th' Owd Lad's gettin his Bit again an' we'll ha' no more bother," was the general opinion; and certainly from that time neither drought nor floods vexed the souls of the farming folk of the district.

"But what worrits me," Hovvley would occasionally remark, "Is that I conna make up my moind which on us won, me or th' Owd Lad?"

C. L. Antrobus.

A GERMAN VIEW OF THE CHINESE QUESTION.*

The eyes of the whole civilized world are still fixed upon the first act of the conflict which has arisen in the distant East between the modern civilization of Christian nations and the ancient Pagan civilization of China; and already a terrible event forces us to beat our own breast and ask ourselves how far we are justified in regarding ourselves as the bearers of genuine culture and in its name to destroy what thousands of years have spared. It is not the deed of violence which robbed Italy and the world of a noble Prince, nor the cynical brutality of the assassin, who vainly endeavored to place himself on the pedestal of a political conviction, which compels us to examine our own consciences; it is the discussions of the press which, almost before the coffin of the sovereign is closed, is beginning, in the most repulsive manner, personal and partisan disputes, each paper seeking to throw upon its opponents the blame for an event which it helped to make possible. This is not the place to enter into the question how far the repetition of similar events is to be

avoided, for which political repression alone has proved insufficient in the past and must also be in the future; but the deed, and all that is connected with it, ought to remind us how much we have to learn before we can teach others, and that some degree of modesty and humility probably befits even the most complacent representatives of the superiority of Western civilization.

The news of the capture of Peking and the liberation of the foreigners surprised all who gave the reports of the number of Chinese troops who ostensibly barred the way to the capital the credence which those familiar with Chinese affairs always withheld. Finally a comparatively small force of foreign troops succeeded in breaking a passage to the city against a somewhat superior number of Chinese soldiers, and it will be wise, in future judgment of Chinese conditions, not to apply the standard of hysterical exaggeration, but of sober scrutiny. That the ambassadors and the foreigners associated with them have at last been released, after two months of siege, is a great triumph, which cannot be too highly estimated; but unfortunately this must

*Translated for *The Living Age* by Mary J. Safford.

not be regarded as a solution of the Chinese question. On the contrary, this first victory of the foreign troops, far from binding more closely the antagonistic tendencies of the individual Powers, will probably contribute to render not only the diplomatic but the military situation still more serious and difficult.

In the first rank—so far as the events in China are concerned—must be considered, besides the Chinese themselves, England, Russia, Japan and the United States. With reference to China, we shall do well to distinguish between the two currents. The Boxer movement undoubtedly sprang from the hatred of foreigners and Christians extending through the widest circles; how far foreign, that is, not local influences and instigations, but those of the principal cities, aided its rise and rapid development, must remain for the present undecided. But there can scarcely be a doubt that, in this movement, was seen in Peking a support, certainly not undesired, of the government's inclination toward the maintenance of the integrity and independence of China. Whether and how far the Chinese government has been swept along by this movement, or how far the fear of foreign interference and attacks may have impelled it to steps actuated by despair and the belief that the point at issue was a struggle for its own existence—are also questions which cannot be decided until later. For the moment we must content ourselves with conjectures and, in regard to these, a telegram first published by the Russian official organ on the 30th of July, sent on the 15th of June by Pokotilloff, the President of the Russian Asiatic bank in Peking, is a contribution whose significance should not be undervalued. The portion which forms the second part of the telegram, and which—apparently owing to difficulty in deciphering it—was not published until now, ran as follows: "In consequence of the arrival

of our different detachments the Japanese have also decided to call out 2,000 men, thus increasing the number of foreign troops to 8,000. The majority of the ambassadors have decided, as soon as the detachments arrive, to demand the establishment of foreign colonies, similar to those in the open harbors. M. de Giers (the Russian ambassador) will endeavor to restrict this demand to the appointment of a foreign commissary of police under the command of the ambassador. Several of the envoys wish to set a special regency over the Chinese Emperor and to depose the Empress-dowager from power, but M. de Giers insists upon maintaining the authority of the Empress, as any other combination would induce some of the ambassadors to demand places in the regency for their candidates. Extraordinary difficulties for China must arise out of the enormous claims from all the Powers for compensation for the destruction of railroads, houses and churches owned by foreigners."

If any portion of the plans of some of the foreign representatives indicated in this telegram reached the ears of the Chinese, the outbreak of the movement in the capital can scarcely occasion surprise, much as we must deplore and condemn the manner in which it has developed.

But perhaps even more important than the insight afforded by the telegram into what preceded the insurrection is the fact that this despatch, which was addressed to the Russian Minister of Finance, Witte, one of the most distinguished statesmen whom Russia and perhaps Europe possesses at the present time, has been printed in the Official Advertiser. It is therefore not difficult to perceive in it not only an apology for Russia's former policy toward China, but a program for the policy to be maintained in the future which, in fact, is thoroughly in accord with M. Witte's opinions, so far as

they have been made known, and his previous course of action. So it will be wise to assume that Russia, though she might not omit to demand with the other Powers satisfaction for what has happened and may yet happen in Peking, will be guided in her future policy toward China exclusively by the interests imposed by her geographical situation, the development of Siberia, and the profitableness of the Trans-Siberian railroad. England, too, will not be disinclined to be essentially directed by commercial interests. Lord Salisbury has showed for years a very evident fear of any vigorous action against China which might drive the latter into the arms of Russia, and he will hold to this course all the more firmly because English industrial and financial circles are already beginning to suffer seriously from the condition of affairs in Eastern Asia. A large number of cotton spinners and weavers have been obliged to curtail their work, shipments to China have almost wholly ceased, and the bankers are reluctant to accept bills of exchange. These are symptoms which, in a country where it is the custom to feel with special attention the pulse of commerce and manufactures, and in which accommodation in money matters ceases more frequently and earlier than with us, the leading statesmen ought not and will not overlook, and which urge a speedy settlement with China. Japan, too, will not be opposed to such a settlement of the episode; she has tested in both the military and political departments the readiness and willingness of Europe and the United States to take an active share in events in China, and they will have reached the conviction in Tokio that, even if America does not desire such a partition, it might take a moderate share with most of the European governments. Only Japan has not yet solved the Russian α in the Chinese problem, and it will probably

belong for some time to the unknown quantities, since Russia possesses the undeniable advantage of having no popular representation and ample leisure. Only the duplicity of the Chinese government prevents the conclusion of a treaty between the United States and China. If security on this point could be felt in Washington, nothing would stand in the way, not alone, of such a treaty, but the mediation of the United States between China and the other Powers—and Europe would be wrong to undervalue the importance of such a possibility. The thought that the Pacific Ocean is destined to become an American sea, as the Mediterranean was formerly a Roman one, has taken firm root in political and commercial circles in North America and, though perhaps not yet inclined to grasp the sword to make this dream a reality, every false step on the part of an opponent—and what else are the European Powers to America?—will be utilized to bring it nearer.

In these explanations the reasons are given for the fear that what has hitherto united the Powers must yield, after the removal of anxiety for their countrymen, to other, more political, and therefore more narrow-minded views. To the attentive observer there can scarcely be a doubt that neither Russia nor Japan, neither England nor the United States, would be disposed to exceed a certain measure of demands upon China; on the one hand, they are ready to accept Li Hung Chang as mediator and negotiator, while on the other, especially on the Russian side, they desire to retain the Dowager Empress in power. Against these centrifugal tendencies Germany's position is a peculiarly difficult one; there, at least in certain circles, people held with such tenacity to the belief that an advance on Peking would be out of the question before the autumn, and therefore must not be undertaken, that the relief col-

umn arrived in Pekin without a single German soldier in its ranks. To seek to deduce from this a reason for farther exclusively German military operations would be the more hazardous, because the loose structure of the mutual chief command would scarcely be able to resist such a request. On the contrary, we shall have to reckon with the actual conditions and the evident weariness of war and conflict of a majority of the allied Powers, if we do not wish to expose ourselves to the danger of having to encounter finally, not only the Chinese government but one or another of the foreign Powers, perhaps a coalition to them all.

The fact that the Dowager Empress and the Emperor have disappeared from Pekin seems, it is true, to indicate that the foreign Powers will find no government or nothing which can be regarded as one; but, with a little good will, it will not be impossible, on the basis of Li Hung Chang's representa-

tions, to construct one which at least will appear sufficient to meet the necessity for the conclusion of some agreement. Therefore it is by no means impossible that the generalissimo of the united foreign forces, on his arrival in Northern China might already find himself confronted by a centrifugal movement of the Powers, which would seem well calculated to imperil most seriously on the one hand his chief command, and on the other the special interests of Germany. Under the circumstances it will be especially necessary to have a clear understanding of the aim of the German policy, since the might of Germany will be engaged in behalf of questions concerning whose range and meaning public opinion, at least in Germany, seems to be not at all clear. In times of weakness the master shows himself, and the proverb also suits the politician, at least every one who makes any pretension to the name of a practical statesman.

M. von Brandt.

Rundschau.

THE ASH WALK.

A pointed arch in the gray wall
Leads where the slanting sunbeams fall
On the white path of river sand,
And, ranged in rank, great ash trees stand.
Not theirs the oak's round massive lines,
Nor measured symmetry of pines;
Each, vast yet limber, in his place
Grows with an undictated grace.
High soars the feathery cloud of green,
Light, fluttering, touched with wavering sheen,
And rifted, where the sky shows through,
In jewelled fretwork, lucent blue.
Such in their stateliness are these,
Born very nobles of the trees.
No strugglers, scant of light and air,
But fenced and favored all with care,
And rooted where to heart's desire

The Ash Walk.

- Kindly the air and soil conspire.
Bounteous in beauty there they stand,
Bounteous in shelter to the land,
By their mere breathing making sweet
The air to creatures at their feet;
Fulfilling all their purpose meant
With glory and with ornament.

See how, like conscious creatures, they
Breathe in the blue soft Irish day,
And the delighted air receives
The lovely answer of their leaves,
To the soft wind among them playing,
In ceaseless gentle motion swaying:
As when a woman fond and fair
Feels on her wealth of loose-piled hair
Her lover's hand and, sweetly bent,
Whispers a sigh of mere content,
While faint and happy motions flow
Across her face and come and go;
So in the swaying boughs you guess
The gentle stir of happiness.

O perishable splendor, fraught
With mortal sadness to my thought!
Look what a tide of sap there heaves
In yonder sapling toward the leaves
With rustling seedpods laden down;
And then—behold yon barren crown.
For of the band one giant there
Stands in the noon of summer bare.
No need to wait the wintry blast:
Leaf-time and fructage long are past:
The naked boughs but last to show
How one has gone, how all must go.
And when sad ebbing of the sap
Wrecks that brave phalanx, gap by gap,
Alas! what rabble shall be found
Crowding upon the vacant ground!
And, as I looked, I was aware
Of other orders passing there,
Of other goodly lives that stand
Stately and spacious in the land,
Of gallant creatures, born to life
Exempt from toil, exempt from strife,
That in this age's bitter mood
Shall scarcely find their stock renewed,
Till some sad morning wakes, and sees
No more such folk, no more such trees.

The Spectator.

Stephen Gwynn.

The Living Age.—Supplement.

NOVEMBER 3, 1900.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE SEARCH.*

Among those who stood in the muddy streets of Donchéry that morning, and watched in silence the departure of the simple carriage, was Mademoiselle Brun, whose stern eyes rested for a moment on the sphinx-like face, met for an instant the dull and extinct gaze of the man who had twisted all France round his little finger.

When the cavalcade had passed by, she turned away and walked toward Sedan. The road was crowded with troops, coming and going almost in silence. Long strings of baggage-carts splashed past. Here and there an ambulance wagon of lighter build was allowed a quicker passage. Messengers rode, or hurried on foot, one way and the other, but few spoke, and a hush seemed to hang over all. There was no cheering this morning—even that was done. The rain splashed pitilessly down on these men who had won a great victory, who now hurried hither and thither, afraid of they knew not what, cowering beneath the silence of Heaven.

Mademoiselle was stopped outside the gates of Sedan.

"You can go no further!" said an under-officer of a Bavarian regiment in passable French, the first to question the coming or going of this insignificant and self-possessed woman.

"But I can stay here?" returned mademoiselle in German. In teaching, she had learnt—which is more than many teachers do.

"Yes, you can stay here," laughed the German.

And she stayed there patiently for hours in the rain and mud. It was afternoon before her reward came. No one heeded her, as, standing on an overturned gun-carriage, beneath her shabby umbrella, she watched the first detachment of nearly ten thousand Frenchmen march out of the fortress to their captivity in Germany.

"No cavalry?" she said to a bystander when the last detachment had gone.

"There is no cavalry left, *ma bonne dame*," replied the old man to whom she had spoken.

"No cavalry left! And Lory de Vasselot was a cuirassier. And Denise loved Lory." Mademoiselle Brun knew that, though perhaps Denise herself was scarcely aware of it. In these three thoughts mademoiselle told the whole history of Sedan as it affected her. Solferino had, for her, narrowed down to one man, old and fat at that, riding at the head of his troops on a great horse specially chosen to carry bulk. The victory that was to mar one empire and make another, years after Solferino, was summed up in three thoughts by the woman who had the courage to live frankly in her own small woman's world, who was ready to fight—as resolutely as any fought at

* The Isle of Unrest. By Henry Seton Merriman. Copyright, 1900. Dodd, Mead and Company.

Sedan—for Denise. She turned and went down that historic road, showing now, as ever, a steady and courageous face to the world, though all who spoke to her stabbed her with the words, "There is no cavalry left—no cavalry left, *ma bonne dame*."

She hovered about Donchéry and Sedan, and the ruins of Bazeilles, for some days, and made sure that Lory de Vasselot had not gone, a prisoner, to Germany. The confusion in the French camp was greater than any had anticipated, and no reliable records of any sort were obtainable. Mademoiselle could not even ascertain whether Lory had fought at Sedan; but she shrewdly guessed that the mad attempt to cut a way through the German lines was such as would recommend itself to his heart. She haunted, therefore, the heights of Bazeilles, seeking among the dead one who wore the cuirassier uniform. She found, God knows, enough, but not Lory de Vasselot.

And one day she wandered into a church ten miles on the French side of Sedan, intending perhaps to tell her bad news to One who will always listen. But she found that this was no longer a house of prayer, for the dead and dying were lying in rows on the floor. As she entered, a tall man coming quickly out, almost knocked her down. His arms were full of cooking utensils. He was in his shirt-sleeves; blood-stained, smoke-grimed, unshaven and unwashed. He turned to apologize, and began explaining that this was no place for a woman; but he stopped short. It was the millionaire Baron de Mélide.

Mademoiselle Brun sat suddenly down on a bench near the door. She did not look at him. Indeed, she purposely looked away and bit her lip with her little fierce teeth because it would quiver. In a moment she had recovered herself.

"I have come to help you," she said.

"God knows, we want you," replied the baron—a phlegmatic man, who, nevertheless, saw the quivering lip, and turned away hastily. For he knew that mademoiselle would never forgive herself, or him, if she broke down now.

"Here," he said, with a clumsy gaiety, "will you wash these plates and dishes? You will find the pump in the curé's garden. We have nurses and doctors, but we have no one to wash up. And it is I who do it. This is my hospital. I have borrowed the building from the good God."

Mademoiselle was naturally a secretive woman. She could even be silent about her neighbors' affairs. She had been some hours in the baron's hospital before she even mentioned Lory's name.

"And the Count de Vasselot?" she inquired, in her usual curt form of interrogation, as they were taking a hurried and unceremonious meal in the vestry by the light of an altar candle.

The baron shook his head and gulped down his food.

"No news?" enquired Mademoiselle Brun?

"None."

They continued to eat for some minutes in silence.

"Was he at Sedan?" asked mademoiselle, at length.

"Yes," replied the baron, gravely. And then they continued their meal in silence by the light of the flickering candle.

"Have you any one looking for him?" asked mademoiselle, as she rose from the table and began to clear it.

"I have sent two of my men to do so," replied the baron, who was by nature no more expansive than his old governess. And for some days there was no mention of de Vasselot between them.

Mademoiselle found plenty of work to do besides the mental labors of which

she had relieved the man who deemed himself fit for nothing more complicated than washing dishes and providing funds. She wrote letters for the wounded, and also for the dead. She had a way of looking at those who groaned unnecessarily and out of idle self-pity, which was conducive to silence, and therefore to the comfort of others.

She had smoothed no pillows and proffered no soft words of sympathy. But it was she who found out that the curé had a piano. She it was who took two hospital attendants to the priest's humble house and brought the instrument away. She had it placed inside the altar rails, and fought the curé afterwards in the vestry as to the heinousness of the proceeding.

"You will not play secular airs?" pleaded the old man.

"All that there is of the most secular," replied she, inexorably. "And the recording angels will, no doubt, enter it to my account—and not yours, monsieur le curé."

So Mademoiselle Brun played to the wounded all through the long afternoons until her fingers grew stiff. And the doctors said that she saved more than one fretting life. She was not a great musician, but she had a soothing, old-fashioned touch. She only played such ancient airs as she could remember. And the more she played the more she remembered. It seemed to come back to her—each day a little more. Which was odd, for the music was, as she had promised the curé, secular enough, and could not therefore, have been inspired by her sacred surroundings within the altar rails. Though, after all, it may have been that those who recorded this sacrilege against Mademoiselle Brun, not only made a cross-entry on the credit side, but helped her memory to recall that forgotten music.

Thus the days slipped by, and little

news filtered through to the quiet Ardennes village. The tide of war had rolled on. The Germans, it was said, were already half-way to Paris. And from Paris itself the tidings were well-nigh incredible. One thing alone was certain; the Bonaparte dynasty was at an end and the mighty schemes of an ambitious woman had crumbled like ashes within her hands. All the plotting of the Regency had fallen to pieces with the fall of the greatest schemer of them all, whom the Paris government fatuously attempted to hoodwink. Napoleon the Third was indeed a clever man, since his own wife never knew how clever he was. So France was now a howling Republic—a Republic being a community where each man is not only equal to, but better than his neighbor, and may therefore shout his loudest.

No great battles followed Sedan. France had but one army left, and that was shut up in Metz, under the command of another of the Paris plotters who was a bad general, and not even a good conspirator.

Poor France had again fallen into bad hands. It seemed the end of all things. And yet for Mademoiselle Brun, who loved France as well as any, all these troubles were one day dispersed by a single note of a man's voice. She was at the piano, it being afternoon, and was so used to the shuffling of the bearers' feet that she no longer turned to look when one was carried in, and another, a dead man perhaps, was carried out.

She heard a laugh, however, that made her music suddenly mute. It was Lory de Vasselot who was laughing, as they carried him into the little church. He was explaining to the baron that he had heard of his hospital, and had caused himself to be carried thither as soon as he could be moved from the cottage, where he had been cared for by some peasants.

The laugh was silenced, however, at the sight of Mademoiselle Brun.

"You here, mademoiselle?" he said. "Alone, I hope," he added, wincing as the bearers set him down.

"Yes, I am alone. Denise is safe at Fréjus with Jane de Mélite."

"Ah!"

"And your wounds?" said Mademoiselle Brun.

"A sabre-cut on the right shoulder, a bullet through the left leg—*viola tout*. I was in Sedan, and we tried to get out. That is all I know, mademoiselle."

Mademoiselle stood over him with her hands crossed at her waist, looking down at him with fixed eyes and compressed lips.

"Not dangerous?" she enquired, glancing at his bandages, which indeed were numerous enough.

"I shall be in the saddle again in three weeks, they tell me. If the war only lasts—" He gave an odd, eager laugh. "If the war only lasts—"

Then he suddenly turned white and lost consciousness.

MEMOIRS AND BIOGRAPHIES.*

It is no shame to any biographer to be outdone by Lockhart, because none other ever had a man like Sir Walter to write about. To read Scott's novels is one of the recognized pleasures of life; a pleasure which the wise old world—which knows more than its teachers can tell it—will never be lectured into abandoning. But to read his biography, to read his letters, to read his journal, is to grow in love with earth because such a man has lived on it. Lockhart's proud and melancholy reserve had melted like a snowdrift under this genial influence; and to him, more than to other men, had come an intimate knowledge of Scott's sane and manly virtues, his kindness, his patience, his courage, his unostentatious acceptance of near duties, "his absolute immaculate freedom from the literary sins of envy, jealousy and vanity." "As I sat by his side at table," wrote Maria Edgeworth, "I could not believe he was a stranger, and I forgot he was

a great man." "Sir Walter," said his faithful old servant, Tom Purdie, "always speaks to every man as if he were his born brother." Never did any one preach less and practice more, and it is wonderful how the best and the worst of us weary of precept, and reverence example. We listen with the faintest stirring of the spirit to the noblest exhortations; but we are filled with admiration and with wholesome shame when we remember Charles Lamb playing cards night after night with his fretful old father, or Dr. Johnson's unfaltering kindness to the helpless and disagreeable dependents whom he sheltered under his humble roof, or Sir Walter sitting by the bedside of the little hump-backed tailor, into whose dull and miserable life he had brought the only gleams of sunshine. It is better to read these things than to read sermons; and I know of no incident in all the annals of famous men more beautiful or more touching than that told by Lockhart of Scott's last illness; how he lay for a short time in a London hotel, before being carried back to die at Abbotsford, and how two workmen stopped Allan Cunningham on

* From Agnes Repplier's chapter on *Memoirs and Biographies* in "Counsel upon the Reading of Books." By H. Morse Stephens, Agnes Repplier, Arthur T. Hadley, Brander Matthews, Bliss Perry, Hamilton Wright Mable. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. Price, \$1.50.

Jermyn Street and said to him: "Do you know, sir, if this is the street where he is lying?" "As if," cried Lockhart in a sudden burst of pride and sorrow, "as if there were but one death-bed in London!"

In these days when enthusiasm is deemed misleading, it is well to bear steadfastly in mind a truth which, like other truths, is suffering from neglect,—namely, that no good biography was ever written without it. Mr. Purcell's "Life of Cardinal Manning" has recently proved what needed no proving,—that a book animated by a spirit of cold animosity is, by the very quality of its defects, hopelessly alienated from the truth. It is not possible for us, perhaps it is not well for us, to subdue our antipathies; but if we heartily dislike a man, we should not undertake to write his life, nor to edit his work. It is idle folly to try to deceive ourselves with arguments about justice and honesty. We may not be just and honest when we inordinately admire; we are sure to be neither just nor honest when we cherish an aversion. Mr. Elwin's editing of Pope was a literary sin as well as a literary blunder; and the pathetic inadequacy of task-work was never more clearly illustrated than when Mrs. Oliphant was asked to write a life, even a short life, of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. What had Mrs. Oliphant in common with that most lovable scapegrace, whose shortcomings were precisely of the kind which women are least likely to condone? She tried hard to be just, but it is not justice that Sheridan asks from the world; and the liberality of a man always in debt, the wit of a man mostly in liquor, found scant favor in the Scotch-woman's rigid eye. Better it would have been to have borne always in mind Lord Byron's admirable advice to Moore, when the latter was meditating his "Life of Sheridan," and felt naturally somewhat daunted by the difficul-

ties in his path. Byron bids him not to fear these difficulties, and not to make too much of them. "Never mind the angry lies of the humbug Whigs," he writes cheerfully. "Recollect that Sheridan was an Irishman, and a clever fellow, and that we have had some very pleasant days with him."

The "noble poet" was right, and showed his wonted sagacity in literary matters. These were the things to remember. We can learn more about this "wandering star" from the half-dozen anecdotes scattered throughout Lord Byron's letters than from the whole of Mrs. Oliphant's conscientious little volume. Byron it is who tells us the immortal story of Sheridan's being found extremely drunk on the street one night, and of the watchman's insisting on knowing his name; whereupon the great dramatist—never too far gone for a ribald jest—raised his head, and solemnly hiccupped out "Wilberforce." Byron it is who tells us how on the night when the "School for Scandal" was first given to a rapturous public, and the theatre rang with applause, the elate but intoxicated author was arrested for making a row in the streets, and locked up in a guard-house while the gay throngs driving homeward praised the wit and brilliancy of the new play.

* * * * *

The great biographies and memoirs are very long. They cannot be read at a gulp. They cannot be abridged. On the other hand, they need not be read at all. I am aware that extension lecturers are in the habit of recommending with each lecture a course of reading which, if followed, would greatly advance education, and stimulate the book trade. I am aware also that life is short, and full of many duties which have no bearing upon our intellectual advancement. Most of us have something else to do besides improve our minds. A few of us still turn resolute-

ly from conducted tours through the great world of letters, knowing that it is not possible to extend our friendships right and left at the bidding of self-appointed directors. We may, indeed, gain a great deal of information from the condensed biographies which have been provided for us with an unstinted hand. These books give what are called the salient points of a great man's career, and they give them with admirable brevity and correctness. There are people so constituted that they remember these points, and so gain much knowledge swiftly. That they do not know the man himself, what manner of man he was, matters little. They know what books he wrote, what battles he fought, how many years he was Prime Minister of England. We may also, if we are so disposed, read selections from the world's great masterpieces, picked out and arranged for us by those industrious critics who have kindly consented to act as nursery governesses to the rising generation. Or, if we are unambitious, if "Lady Vanity" does not so much as pat us on the shoulder, we

may take a few books into our hearts, and let the others go. We may learn a little, and cheerfully confess ignorance of the rest. If, for example, we read Lockhart's "Life of Scott," with the more recently published *Journal*, and the *Familiar Letters*; if we then read Mr. Lang's "Life of Lockhart," and the memoirs of John Murray, we shall be fairly well acquainted, not only with Sir Walter, to know whom is a "liberal education," but with one of the most interesting periods in English literature. But of course, in the time required for this, we might run swiftly down the centuries, under the personal guidance of some friendly man of letters. It is after all a matter of choice. One tourist goes around the world with Cook, looks at all he is told to look at, and comes home full and happy. Another lingers those long months away in Rome, and, when they are over, feels that he has but turned the first page of the *Immortal City's* book. We need not quarrel with our neighbors' methods, nor deem ourselves superior because we choose our own.

HAIMBERGER'S APPETITE CURE.*

Thirty years ago Haimberger went off on a long voyage in a sailing ship. There were fifteen passengers on board. The table-fare was of the regulation pattern of the day. At 7 in the morning a cup of bad coffee in bed; at 9, breakfast: bad coffee, with condensed milk, soggy cold rolls, crackers, salt fish; at 1 P.M., luncheon: cold tongue, cold ham, cold corned beef, soggy cold rolls, crackers; 5 P. M., dinner: thick

pea soup, salt fish, hot corned beef and sour kraut, boiled pork and beans, pudding; 9 till 11 P. M., supper: tea with condensed milk, cold tongue, cold ham, pickles, sea-biscuit, pickled oysters, pickled pig's-feet, grilled bones, golden buck.

At the end of the first week, eating had ceased, nibbling had taken its place. The passengers came to the table, but it was partly to put in the time, and partly because the wisdom of the ages commanded them to be regular in their meals. They were tired of the coarse and monotonous fare, and

* *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg and other Stories and Essays.* By Mark Twain. Harper Brothers, Publishers. Copyright, 1900.

took no interest in it, had no appetite for it. All day and every day they roamed the ship half hungry, plagued by their gnawing stomachs, moody, untalkative, miserable. Among them were three confirmed dyspeptics. These became shadows in the course of three weeks. There was also a bed-ridden invalid; he lived on boiled rice; he could not look at the regular dishes.

Now came shipwreck and life in open boats, with the usual paucity of food. Provisions ran lower and lower. The appetites improved, then. When nothing was left but raw ham and the ration of that was cut down to two ounces a day per person, the appetites were perfect. At the end of fifteen days the dyspeptics, the invalid, and the most delicate ladies in the party were chewing sailor-boots in ecstacy, and only complaining because the supply of them was limited. Yet these were the same people who couldn't endure the ship's tedious corned beef and sour kraut and other crudities. They were rescued by an English vessel. Within ten days the whole fifteen were in as good condition as they had been when the shipwreck occurred.

"They had suffered no damage by their adventure," said the professor. "Do you note that?"

"Yes."

"Do you note it well?"

"Yes—I think I do."

"But you don't. You hesitate. You don't rise to the importance of it. I will say it again—with emphasis—not one of them suffered any damage."

"Now I begin to see. Yes, it was indeed remarkable."

"Nothing of the kind. It was perfectly natural. There was no reason why they should suffer damage. They were undergoing Nature's Appetite Cure, which is the best and wisest in the world."

"Is that where you got your idea?"

"That is where I got it."

"It taught those people a valuable lesson."

"What makes you think that?"

"Why shouldn't I. You seem to think it taught you one."

"That is nothing to the point. I am not a fool."

"I see. Were they fools?"

"They were human beings."

"Is it the same thing?"

"Why do you ask? You know it yourself. As regards his health—and the rest of the things—the average man is what his environment and his superstitions have made him; and their function is to make him an ass. He can't add up three or four new circumstances together and perceive what they mean; it is beyond him. He is not capable of observing for himself; he has to get everything at second-hand. If what are mis-called the lower animals were as silly as man is, they would all perish from the earth in a year."

"Those passengers learned no lessons, then?"

"Not a sign of it. They went to their regular meals in the English ship, and pretty soon they were nibbling again—nibbling, appetiteless, disgusted with the food, moody, miserable, half hungry, their outraged stomachs cursing and swearing and whining and supplicating all day long. And in vain, for they were the stomachs of fools."

"Then, as I understand it, your scheme is—"

"Quite simple. Don't eat till you are hungry. If the food fails to taste good, fails to satisfy you, rejoice you, comfort you, don't eat again till you are very hungry. Then it will rejoice you—and do you good, too."

"And I observe no regularity, as to hours?"

"When you are conquering a bad appetite—no. After it is conquered, regularity is no harm, so long as the appetite remains good. As soon as the appetite wavers, apply the corrective again

—which is starvation, long or short according to the needs of the case.”

“The best diet, I suppose—I mean the wholesomest—”

“All diets are wholesome. Some are wholesomer than others, but all the ordinary diets are wholesome enough for the people who use them. Whether the food be fine or coarse it will taste good and it will nourish if a watch be kept upon the appetite and a little starvation introduced every time it weakens. Nansen was used to fine fare, but when his meals were restricted to bear-meat months at a time he suffered no damage and no discomfort, because his appetite was kept at par through the difficulty of getting his bear-meat regularly.”

“But doctors arrange carefully considered and delicate diets for invalids.”

“They can’t help it. The invalid is full of inherited superstitions and won’t starve himself. He believes it would certainly kill him.”

“It would weaken him, wouldn’t it?”

“Nothing to hurt. Look at the invalids in our shipwreck. They lived fifteen days on pinches of raw ham, a suck at sailor-boots, and general starvation. It weakened them, but it didn’t hurt them. It put them in fine shape to eat heartily of hearty food and build themselves up to a condition of robust health. But they did not perceive that; they lost their opportunity; they remained invalids; it served them right. Do you know the trick that the health-resort doctors play?”

“What is it?”

“My system disguised—covert starvation. Grape-cure, bath-cure, mud-cure—it is all the same. The grape and the bath and the mud make a show and do a trifle of the work—the real work is done by the surreptitious starvation. The patient accustomed to four meals and late hours—at both ends of the day—now consider what he has to do at a health resort. He gets up at 6 in the morning. Eats one egg. Tramps up and down a promenade two hours with the other fools. Eats a butterfly. Slowly drinks a glass of filtered sewage that smells like a buzzard’s breath. Promenades another two hours, but alone; if you speak to him he says anxiously, ‘My water!—I am walking off my water!—please don’t interrupt,’ and goes on stumping along again. Eats a candied rose-leaf. Lies at rest in the silence and solitude of his room for hours; mustn’t read, mustn’t smoke. The doctor comes and feels of his heart, now, and his pulse, and thumps his breast and his back and his stomach, and listens for results through a penny flageolet; then orders the man’s bath—half a degree, Reaumur, cooler than yesterday. After the bath another egg. A glass of sewage at 3 or 4 in the afternoon, and promenade solemnly with the other freaks. Dinner at 6: half a doughnut and a cup of tea. Walk again. Half-past 8, supper: more butterfly; at 9, to bed. Six weeks of this régime—think of it. It starves a man out and puts him in splendid condition. It would have the same effect in London, New York, Jericho—anywhere.”

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

To their long list of historical fiction A. C. McClurg & Co. add “The King’s Deputy: A Romance of the Last Century.” The scene of this romance is the Lord Lieutenant’s court in Dublin,

and its hero a youth of better family than fortune, whose adventures among brave men and fair women are described by himself with a good deal of spirit. If the book had been longer, the

story'd been stronger, but many young people will find it readable as it is.

Mr. Hugh Clifford, whose graphic sketches of Malayan life are familiar to the readers of this magazine, is beguiling such leisure as he finds from his present duties as British Governor of North Borneo, by writing a novel. Its scope and scene have not been announced.

The recent annual report of the Hartford Public Library is encouraging inasmuch as it shows an increasing demand for the more serious books, and a falling off in the circulation of fiction from 80 per cent. of the total to 73 per cent. Still, 73 per cent. is rather a large ratio.

It was Mr. Emerson, we believe, who adopted the plan of never reading a book until it was at least a year old. But the Bishop of London is reported to have said that the happiest years of his life were the ten in which he adhered to the resolution that he would read no books which were written after 1600.

Mrs. Cora Linn Daniels's little book "*As It Is to Be*," published by Little, Brown & Co. is an attempt not merely to forecast but to describe the life after death. It is more dogmatic than imaginative, and is lacking in that subtle spiritual atmosphere which lent such a charm to Mrs. Oliphant's speculations concerning the life unseen.

One of the Boer war books into which a large element of unpleasant personal experience enters, is the Earl of Rosslyn's "*Twice Captured*." The author was first captured at Dewetsdorp, and, after escaping from his Boer guards, was recaptured at the Reddersburg disaster and spent nine weeks as a prisoner at Pretoria.

Readers of "*Cranford*" should be interested in a little volume entitled "*Mrs. Gaskell and Knutsford*," which the Rev. G. A. Payne of that town has written, and Clarkson and Griffiths of Manchester, England, are about to publish. It will give all accessible information about the town and Mrs. Gaskell's connection with it.

The views of "*The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews*," which the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott has presented, first in his Lowell Institute lectures, and later in a series of papers in *The Outlook*, are to be given more permanent form in a volume bearing the above title, which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are soon to publish. The book is intended to make available to general readers the fruits of the latest Biblical research.

The financial aspect of literary shrines is exploited by an English magazine writer. The Burns cottage and seven acres of ground cost the trustees \$20,000. A charge of twopence is made for admission, and as the cottage is visited by about 36,000 persons annually, the fees yield a considerable sum. "Artemus Ward's" remark that Shakespeare's tomb was "a success" seems justified by the fact that Stratford derives an annual income of more than \$10,000 from admission fees alone.

Though Geraldine Bonner's name is already familiar to magazine readers, the novel which The Century Company publish this season is her first. "*Hardpan*" is a story of fortunes made and lost in San Francisco. The local color is used with judgment; the characters are well chosen and well drawn; the plot is fresh; the interest sustained without becoming too tense; the conclusion satisfactory, and the whole book thoroughly bright, cheerful and readable. One does not often find a

story better adapted to an hour of rest and relaxation.

Among several letters by Thackeray recently sold at auction in London was one containing the following characteristic reference to his American tour, and written from New York in 1855:

"I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am doing famously well. At first there was a doubt, almost a defeat. The people didn't know what to make of George I and his strumpets, but they like better and better with each lecture. Last night at Brooklyn there were 2,500 persons at the lecture. Shall make a nice little pot of money here: £900 between November 1 and December 4."

The division of feeling in Kentucky during the Civil War, and the sharpness with which the lines were drawn, made it the scene of personal experiences of peculiar intensity and interest. To their "Young Kentuckians Series" A. C. McClurg & Co. have just added a third volume called "Battling for Atlanta." Boys who have followed the fortunes of young Fred Shackleford through the earlier books will not wish to lose sight of him now. As captain of scouts for General Sherman, his adventures and exploits are of just the sort for them to enjoy.

The Athenaeum reports that the number of American historical students who have visited the archives of Great Britain during the present year is exceptionally large, and the subjects upon which they have been engaged are remarkable for their originality and interest. The subject most in favor among them is the development of exceptional jurisdictions, such as the Palatinate of Durham and the Star Chamber. The Athenaeum adds that the new school of American history bids fair to rival the schools of France and

Germany in its scientific methods, whilst retaining an Anglo-Saxon individuality of its own.

The tragic death of Dr. José Rizal—the Filipino scholar and patriot—lends especial interest to the translation of his first novel—"Noli Me Tangere"—which McClure, Phillips & Company publish under the title "An Eagle's Flight." Written to expose the horrors of Spanish misrule in his native islands, it is not surprising that the authorities found Rizal's book unpleasant reading, and were glad of a pretext, ten years later, for executing him as a traitor. The fate of his hero, Ibarra—a young reformer of wealth, position and education—seems almost a foreshadowing of his own. An excellent biographical sketch of Rizal gives additional significance to a book which will better repay perusal than many less painful.

A delightful surprise awaits the reader of the unassuming little volume of Will N. Harben's work which A. C. McClurg & Co. publish. These "Northern Georgia Sketches" are written with rare insight and delicacy, and with a freedom from prejudice which makes it hard to guess whether the writer's sympathies are more with the white race or the black. The blending of pathos with humor and of character study with incident is admirable. The book is distinctly of the sort that one is the better for reading, and its kindly, wholesome quality is easiest described, perhaps, by saying that one feels no incongruity in its being dedicated to Joel Chandler Harris.

In these strenuous days fiction of the quiet, tranquil type has a special mission. Jane Barlow's stories are among the very best of their kind, and Dodd, Mead & Co. deserve hearty thanks for giving American readers another vol-

ume of them. Some old friends from Lisconnel appear again—quaint and delightful as ever—in “From the Land of the Shamrock.” But the studies of child-life which fill nearly half the book are its distinguishing feature. One cannot escape a whimsical suspicion that Miss Barlow’s creations, like those of a very different writer, are not real flesh and blood boys, but imps and elves. But they are charming, none the less—Cocky and Mac and the rest—and find their way into one’s heart as insinuatingly as Wee Willie Winkie himself.

Even readers who find the spice of Mr. Stockton’s humor not quite enough to season a novel, admit that his short stories are to their taste. Those just published by Charles Scribner’s Sons, in a volume entitled “Afield and Afloat,” are of unequal merit, and the ghost stories will not add to Mr. Stockton’s reputation. He can be droll enough himself without calling on the spirits to help him. But “The Buller-Podington Compact” and “The Governor General” show his peculiar humor at its very best, while in “The Romance of a Mule-Car” mirth and pathos are mingled with rare delicacy and charm. These are delightful stories to read aloud, and they can hardly be fully appreciated in any other way, so subtle are some of the best touches in them. It will be a long while before the newer favorites crowd Mr. Stockton out.

A peculiarly timely volume, in view of the increasing prominence of the United States in international affairs, is Mr. John W. Foster’s “A Century of American Diplomacy” (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The century covered by this review is that from 1776 to 1876, with the addition of a chapter on “The Monroe Doctrine” which brings the consideration of that subject down to the Venezuelan boundary dispute and other

later developments. Himself at one time Secretary of State, and at various times commissioned to represent the United States in important diplomatic missions, Mr. Foster is perhaps better fitted than any other man to write such a history as this. The book is not encumbered with detail or with protracted discussion. It is succinct, lucid, straightforward, written with strong conviction, yet without partisanship, and well calculated to supply information and remove misapprehensions in a field of inquiry in which helps to the student have not hitherto been either numerous or satisfactory. A careful index enhances the value of the work.

Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman’s “An American Anthology” (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) serves the purpose of illustrating the editor’s critical review of “The Poets of America” precisely as his “Victorian Anthology” did his study of “Victorian Poets.” But, as in the case of the earlier anthology, it has also an altogether independent value as a collection of verse widely representative and of extremely varied interest. It makes a substantial volume of nearly nine hundred pages, marked by the clear and attractive typography of the “Cambridge Edition” of the poets; and it presents specimens of the verse of more than six hundred American writers, extending from Philip Freneau and Timothy Dwight at the threshold of this century to all the minor choir of singers of its last decade, including even selections from college verse. A wide reading, and a kind, catholic yet critical taste have enabled Mr. Stedman to compile an anthology which yields rare pleasure to one who turns over its pages, even carelessly, while it is likely to remain a permanent and authoritative collection in a field hitherto but partially gleaned. Biographical notes and careful indexes furnish valuable helps to reference.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Anthology, An American. 1787-1899. Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$3.00.
- Artists, Twelve Great. By William Howe Downes. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.00.
- As It Is to Be. New Edition. By Cora Linn Daniels. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.00.
- Boston, Old Landmarks and Historic Personages of. New and Revised Edition. By Samuel Adams Drake. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$2.50.
- Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, The Complete Works of. Cambridge Edition. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$2.00.
- Chess Strategies. Illustrated. By Franklin K. Young. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$2.50.
- China's Only Hope: An Appeal by Her Greatest Viceroy, Chang Chih-Tung, with the Sanction of the Present Emperor, Kwang Sü. Translated by Samuel J. Woodbridge. Fleming H. Revell Co.
- Counsel upon the Reading of Books. By H. Morse Stephens, Agnes Repplier, Arthur T. Hadley, Brander Matthews, Bliss Perry, Hamilton Wright Mable. With an Introduction by Henry Van Dyke. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50.
- David Harum, The Real. By Arthur T. Vance. The Baker & Taylor Co. Price 75 cents.
- Diplomacy, American, A Century of. By John W. Foster. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$3.50.
- Eagle Flight, An: A Filipino Novel. By Dr. José Rizal. McClure, Phillips & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Ednah and Her Brothers. By Eliza Orne White. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.
- Expansion. By Josiah Strong. The Baker & Taylor Co. Price \$1.00.
- From the Land of the Shamrock. By Jane Barlow. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Gold-Seeking on the Dalton Trail. By Arthur R. Thompson. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Half-Hearted, The. By John Buchan. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Hard-Pan. By Geraldine Bonner. The Century Co. Price \$1.50.
- Head of a Hundred in the Colony of Virginia, The. New and Illustrated Edition. By Maud Wilder Goodwin. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.50.
- In the Desert. By Georg Ebers. Translated by Mary J. Safford. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$1.50.
- King's Deputy, The: A Romance of the Last Century. By H. A. Hinkson. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Making a Life. By Cortland Myers. The Baker & Taylor Co. Price \$1.25.
- Martineau, James: A Study and a Biography. By Rev. A. W. Jackson. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$3.00.
- North Carolina Sketches. By Mary Nelson Carter. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price \$1.
- Northern Georgia Sketches. By Will N. Harben. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price \$1.00.
- Orient, The Weird. By Henry Illowizl. Henry T. Coates & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Parkman, Francis, Life of. By Charles Haight Farnham. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$2.50.
- Roland, Madame, Private Memoirs of. Edited, with an Introduction, by Edward Gilpin Johnson. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Salt-box House, The: Eighteenth Century Life in a New England Hill Town. By Jane DeForest Shelton. The Baker & Taylor Co. Price \$1.50.
- Shadowings. By Lafcadio Hearn. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$2.00.
- Sigurd Eckdal's Bride. By Richard Voss. Translated by Mary J. Safford. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Strenuous Life, The. By Theodore Roosevelt. The Century Co. Price \$1.50.
- Tommy and Grizel. By J. M. Barrie. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$1.50.
- Venice, The Golden Book of. By Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull. The Century Co. Price \$1.50.
- Wealth. The Gospel of. By Andrew Carnegie. The Century Co. Price \$2.00.

